

Special Features This Issue
"John Gardner Small Craft Workshop"
"Ibex & Swaying Palms" - "Cedar Key Journal"

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 5

July 15, 2002



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Looking Ahead...

Bill Mantis covers the "Battle of the Paddles 2002".

Paul Follansbee extols the charms of the Maine coast in "Osprey, Sunlight & Schooners"; Fred Plouffe commences a short serial of his adventures in "Building a Boat & Sailing It to Canada"; Robb White launches a two part series about "Two Unlikely Adventures"; and Bill Gamble's "Looking Back" describes "Jake's Dream...the Built-in Depthsounder";

Jeff Hillier and I cooperate on bringing you "The Alewife Project", which expanded beyond the space available in this issue.

Richard Ellison introduces his "Sloop Rigged Pram Cygnet"; Chesapeake Light Craft introduces their "Sport Tandem Kayak"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present their "Sitka Explorer, a Preliminary Study".

Art Brunt describes his "Low Tech Fishing 101"; and Mike Moore experiments with narrow oar blades in "Two by Foars";

On the Cover...

Traditional small craft gathered in early June for the 33rd year at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut at the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, and we've got lots of photos for you in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



It was a great bright, sunny, breezy Saturday on June 1 at this year's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut, and I really enjoyed myself visiting with many of the enthusiasts in attendance and photographing many of the small boats for publication in this issue's feature story. The Seaport had bestirred itself to print and distribute an impressive ten page full color brochure soliciting attendance and 185 had responded. Another innovation was the signing up of last minute participants on the scene, never before had this happened to my knowledge. Energetic promotion of this laid back gathering produced significant results even with its \$40 signup fee.

Good thing the Seaport did this, I'd guess. The current ongoing promotion of an atmosphere of fear and anxiety by our government crying "wolf" every so often over potential terrorist activities seems to have filtered down to impact adversely on even tiny little local gatherings. I have noticed a decline in attendance at several affairs (not all boat related) that I have attended this year, and even Jane's little springtime greenhouse business has suffered a significant drop off amongst her formerly regular customers.

I speculate on just what is it that people are afraid of? Fear of unknown scuba diving terrorists attaching limpet bombs to our small boats? We do not appear to be afraid of a known ongoing implacable killing of our citizenry, the highway slaughter we wreak on one another every year, close to 50,000 dead alone.

Late on Saturday afternoon I decided to sit in on the annual meeting of the Traditional Small Craft Association. I have been skipping this for years as it is all a well known subject to me, but now that the TSCA has some new people running it, with a heavy west coast influence, I thought I'd go see how the new guys were doing.

Well, they were doing fine, they were ready to roll, but the necessary quorum of 20 members needed to make any decisions valid was not met. New prez John Weiss decided to forge ahead with the informational stuff, deferring any issue requiring a vote while hoping for more members to turn up. Eventually enough did, it was awfully hard to drag oneself away from all the small boat action over on the waterfront to sit in a dull meeting. Dull meetings seem to be what keep members of enthusiast organizations from participating more in their operation. It is always a few stalwarts who carry on making such groups functional while most members just join to play.

A number of the scheduled reports were not presented because the presenters were not in attendance. No TSCA Wares report. No Planned Giving and the Maine Community Foundation report. No National Small Craft Events report. No John Gardner Grants Report.

One report that was given was most heartening, new *Ash Breeze* Editor/Publisher Dan Drath's. Like President Weiss, he had flown in from the west coast, taking his new responsibility seriously. Dan has seized the drifting newsletter and set things up to get it back on schedule. More importantly, he has already begun significantly reducing the production costs for the journal. *Ash Breeze* eats up the major portion of the annual membership dues.

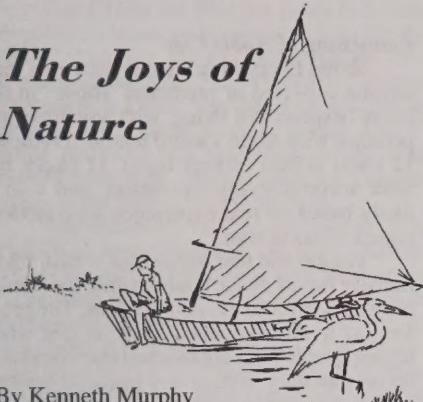
When current membership numbers were announced it became even more apparent how important it was to cut costs for publishing the *Ash Breeze*, as membership stood at about 700 nationwide. While there was some uncertainty about this number due to recent renewal notices not yet having come back in, I was surprised because it was higher than this ten years ago, back in 1983 when I was briefly interested in helping out with the *Ash Breeze*.

With only 90 minutes available for the meeting before it would be time to indulge in dinner, and with the slow start due to the lack of a quorum, the meeting had to be hurried along, but it finally bogged down in what has always been a divisive issue and appears to continue to be so, the chapter memberships. TSCA now has 22 chapters, a very successful decentralization of the old New England monopoly.

People join local chapters and pay local dues. Many do not join the national TSCA. There is no hard and fast rule about apportioning some of the local dues to the national organization. There is no requirement that one first be a national member (at only \$15) in order to join a local chapter. The advocates of requiring national membership go toe to toe with those who feel the local membership is where the value is. It was still going on at 6pm when I left to eat dinner with friends.

Well, this is all for the TSCA membership to work out. I see the TSCA as a valuable organization worthy of support by anyone interested in traditional small craft. The membership dues are certainly reasonable enough and shouldn't get in the way. I suspect that an oxymoron applies here to a large extent, trying to persuade individualists to unite. The small boatbuilders all over the country have the same problem in getting together for their own collective best interests.

The Joys of Nature



By Kenneth Murphy

The Blue Crab

My wife and I have a favorite boat ramp on Kent Island on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. We start off late Saturday morning, go past Annapolis, Maryland, along Route 50, drive over the Bay Bridge onto Kent Island. After a rest stop at "our" bagel shop we drive to the ramp getting there around 12n. Upon arrival, we note that the parking lot is overflowing with cars and trailers. We find, however, that the boats are coming in and packing up, so there's room for us.

These are not sailors nor are they water skiers or fishermen. These are the amateur watermen of the Bay who come back with a bushel or two of blue crabs, after a morning of trotlining. By my observation, the amateur watermen of the Chesapeake outnumber the sailors, water skiers, and fishermen, all combined. This is a serious pastime.

A neighbor of ours while we were living in Rockville, Maryland, planned all his life to move to the Eastern Shore of Maryland for the sole purpose of being able to crab. His dream came true and now he gets up at 4am and is out on the water before the sun comes up. His family will have crab for dinner with an ice cream chaser. This, to many Marylanders, is heaven on earth.

The messabout boatmen of the Bay, as well as the Bay's naturalists, look beyond the blue crab as simply food. We observe the crab in many habitats. Most frequently we see him swimming near the surface in open waters, using a surprising sideways swim that employs specially developed rear legs that, thanks to natural selection, have become effective

paddles. This habit of swimming must have really excited the biologist who gave the crab its scientific name, *callinectes sapidus*, which means "beautiful swimmer". The crab should be happy to have his otherwise sinister appearance overlooked in favor of his grace and speed.

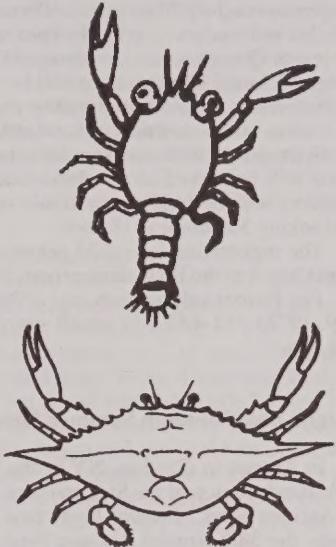
We will occasionally meet the crab in the shallows, a favorite habitat for both the messabout boatmen and the crab. As we wade and play in the water, especially when it's clear, we can do some close observation. The crab's bluish green shell (carapace) looks like serious armor, with its dangerous looking spikes at each end (refer to drawing by Karen Teramura, found in *Chesapeake Bay, a Field Guide*, by Christopher P. White). The crab's two large front claws look like, and are, effective weapons. The claws are a bright blue color, no doubt the reason for the crab's popular name. The tips of the female's claws are decorated red. The shallows are where the crab goes to molt its old shell. After molting, the crab's new shell is soft, making it vulnerable. It hides among the estuarine grasses of the shallows until its shell has hardened.

Invertebrates, such as the blue crab, all seem to have complex life cycles. The blue crab has five stages in its life cycle. The first stage is the egg. The adult females spend their summer foraging for food in the brackish and nearly fresh waters of the upper bay. These adult crabs somehow regulate their body chemistry so they can tolerate the wide range of salinity found in these waters. In the fall, after mating, the females start their migration to the deeper waters at the mouth of the Bay. When in these deep waters, the eggs begin to hatch while still inside the female's body. The hatchlings called zoea are then expelled. An average female releases upwards of 2 million zoea which look nothing like their parents. These are tiny, free floating creatures that populate every spoonful of surface water at the mouth of the Bay. Zoea are the second stage of the blue crab. They are strictly saltwater creatures. As the summer approaches the zoea transmute into the third stage, megalopa.



Megalopa are pesky little beasts; they are still free floaters, but they are armed with two little front claws which they do not hesitate to use. The Murphy family found out first hand about the megalopa on a summer vacation trip to Virginia Beach. As we jumped into the surf we were immediately attacked by hundreds of little pinching claws.

One theory about the wild swings of the annual crab harvest involve the currents at the mouth of the Bay. If the free floating zoea and megalopa are caught in a strong outflow of water at the mouth of the Bay they might be swept so far away that they are unable to migrate back resulting in a devastating drop in adult populations the next year. But with any luck some megalopa begin their way up the saltwater "wedge" of the Bay and begin their transmutation into immature blue crabs, the 4th stage of the blue crab.



Following a number of molts, the immature finally become adults, the final stage. Of the 2 million zoea released per female, three or four will make it to adulthood. Surprisingly that's enough to keep the species going as well as feeding lots of hungry people.

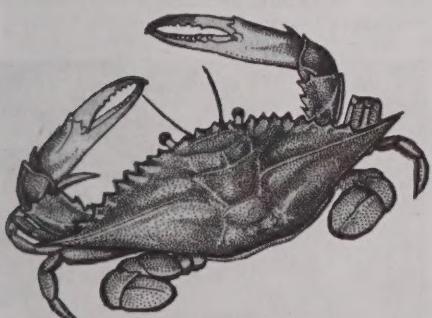
More Information On the Horseshoe Crab

See MAIB, "Joy of Nature" column in the April 15, 2002 issue. Thanks to the *Washington Post*, May 22, 2002, an article entitled, "Sex on the Beach," described a volunteer program that collects data annually on the spawning of the horseshoe crab. Go to this web page to find out more about the survey and about this incredible crab: <http://aegis.er.usgs.gov/groups/stats/Limulus/>

Horseshoe crabs are surveyed around the time of the new and full moons in May and June because that is when spawning activity is likely to be at higher levels. Many factors determine when horseshoe crabs spawn; some factors we understand, such as tide and wave height, and some we don't. Because we cannot predict exactly when horseshoe crabs will spawn, it is important to survey on multiple nights throughout the spawning season.

The web site provides lots of interesting information including the fact that people depend on the horseshoe crab. Horseshoe crab blood is collected to produce an important pharmaceutical called limulus amoebocyte lysate (LAL), which is used to test for human pathogens in human blood, tissues, and intravenous drugs.

Please contribute your own salty experiences with nature for possible publication in this column, e-mail Ken Murphy at kcmurphy@erols.com.



You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Lawley Rendezvous 2002 & 13th Annual Lawley Symposium

The 2002 Lawley Rendezvous and Symposium will be held at the Boston Yacht Club in Marblehead, Massachusetts July 19-21. The Symposium on July 20 is open to all interested in yachts and tenders built by George and Fred Lawley, or Quincy Adams, or designed by Elbridge McInnis. In attendance will be yachting historians, curators of Lawley museum collections, and the owners of Lawley yachts. The Symposium will run from 9am to 5pm. Lunch will be served at the club. A cocktail reception will be held on the club veranda overlooking Marblehead Harbor.

The registration fee is \$35 per person. A la carte lunch in the BYC dining room is about \$20. For further information call (978) 282-7439, (978) 281-4440, or email <voyage@cove.com>

Antique Boat Museum Summer Spectaculars

In August in Clayton, NY in the Thousand Islands region of the St. Lawrence River, the Antique Boat Museum hosts two major events, the 38th Annual Antique Boat Show & Auction August 1-4 and the Antique Race Boat Regatta August 15-18.

The Boat Show & Auction includes all types of antique boats, power, sail, paddle, oar. The Race Boat Regatta is limited to bona fide power boats designed and built for racing in classifications determined by the Antique & Classic Boat Society.

Full details are available from the Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104, www.abm.org.

Thompson Antique & Classic Boat Rally

The second annual Thompson Antique & Classic Boat Rally will take place August 9-11 at Nestegg Marine in Marinette, Wisconsin on the banks of the Menominee River, just one mile inland from the waters of Lake Michigan's Green Bay, a perfect backdrop for a get together of old boats built by the various Thompson companies and only six miles from Peshtigo, Wisconsin, the home base of the original Thompson boat enterprises.

Wooden boats, as well as classic vessels made of fiberglass, will be displayed both in the water and on land. Presentations on the history of the Thompson marine endeavors will be included.

For additional information contact: Mr. Andreas Jordahl Rhude, 4054 Wentworth Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55409-1522, Phone: (612) 823-3990, <airhude~i@aol.com>, www.thompsondockside.com

Beetle Cat National Championship

The New England Beetle Cat Boat Association will host the 2002 Leo J. Telesmanick Beetle Cat National Championship on August 10-11 in New Bedford, Massachusetts, the birthplace of the Beetle Cat sailboat some 82

years ago, and location where NEBCBA was founded in 1940.

Hosting this year's championship is the Fort Rodman Marine Education Assoc./Low Tide Yacht Club at Fort Taber Park, the same site where the first Beetles sailed back in 1921.

In January 2001, we lost Leo J. Telesmanick, whose name was synonymous with the Beetle Cat. We ask all who knew Leo to try to attend this year's event as we pay tribute to the man who was the driving force behind the Beetle Cat.

For those wishing to see where Leo built Beetles for over 50 years, Charlie York will be opening his Beetle Shop to the public on Friday August 9, 2002 in nearby Dartmouth from 10am to 5pm with demonstrations of building Beetle Cats.

27th Annual Bob Speltz Land-O-Lakes Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous

The 27th Annual Bob Speltz Land-O-Lakes Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous takes place August 17-18 at the marina of Treasure Island Resort and Casino near Red Wing, Minnesota, on Sturgeon Lake, a channel of the mighty Mississippi River. From runabouts to cruisers, canoes and sailboats, along with rowboats and outboards, there is something for everyone at the Rendezvous.

Wooden boats, as well as classic vessels made of aluminum and fiberglass, will be displayed both in the water and on land. Our "Sea of Dreams", a unique display of boats in various stages of restoration, will show what it takes to bring a rotting hulk back to life. Knowledgeable individuals will be on hand to answer questions.

Contact the Bob Speltz Land-O-Lakes Chapter for additional information: BSOL, P.O. Box 11, Hopkins, MN 55343-0011, nationwide toll free, (877) 636-3111, www.acbs-bsol.com, <bsolrendezvous@aol.com>

20th Annual Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival

The 20th Annual Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival will be held August 24-25 at Hawthorne Cove Marina in the heart of historic Salem, Massachusetts. Classic sailboats, powerboats and hand-powered craft on display to the public range from a 19th century canoe and steam launch to 1920s-30s era mahogany runabouts and cabin cruisers to the comely sail flotilla, sloops, sharpies, yawls and schooners. Meet skippers and crews and vote for your favorite boat! Other highlights include judging (optional), Blessing of the Fleet, a nautical crafts market, entertainment and a Grand Parade of Boats in Salem Harbor.

For boat entry information, please call (617) 666-8530 or (617) 495-3260. Boats don't need to be in "show" condition. The spirit of the Festival is to gather together the grand old craft and those who love them.

Festival sponsor, Lowell's Boat Shop of the Newburyport Maritime Society, is a non-profit working boat shop and museum located in Amesbury Massachusetts. It has been building classic boats since 1793! More details at by-the-sea.com/bacb festival.

Information of Interest...

Launching of *Noble Cab*

Wow! Everything went great, better than anyone expected or predicted. Those "in the know" experts still living, with any direct experience with Atkin's weird bottom, predicted 12 knots at best (if kept light), 11 likely, but with accompanying cavitation, and 6 or 7 likely based on real experience with modern copies of his design.

I might add that *Noble Cab* is built traditionally out of cedar boards while the copies have all been cold molded versions. The problem, as it was explained to us, is that when higher speeds were approached she would ride up on that dory bottom and begin to cavitate and shake terribly, sucking air into the tunnel through her shallow chines.

Her modern counterparts, all of which have been longer (50' instead of 34'), have never comfortably done more than 11 knots, we were told. It was even explained to us that *Noble Cab* would have been fine with half her 100 horsepower as she was going to be pushing 7 knots max anyway.

Launch day wagers peaked out at a strong 10 knots, as we knew we had overloaded her with all the modern electrical, hydraulic and other attendant stuff.

William Atkin was a genius, he must have been getting a good two year laugh from listening to all this. In the water, *Noble Cab* turned on a dime and with that little Yanmar spinning at 4,000rpm, glided out to a comfortable and smooth 14.8 knots OPS. Going with the tide, but against the afternoon southwester, she did 15 with only an occasional rumble of cavitation when surging through an unusually rough stretch of water. No pounding. The wake at speed was nice and small, stretched out. Idling along, she's hard to keep under 6 knots. Wide open we could set our launch day champagne glass down right on the valve cover, so smooth and steady was her progress.

All during her construction this was her only perceived and expected fault, okay at slow economical speed, but hardworking and painful at moderate speed. Not so! She'll have a great cruising range, moving that huge living space around comfortably and easily, something that can only be obtained by most of today's "cruisers" with two or three times her horsepower.

We're still recuperating!
Alex Hadden, Hadden Boat Company, 11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548.

Editor Comments: Readers interested in William Atkins' designs, including this Rescue Minor version, can inquire of Atkin Designs, P.O. Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820, <apatatkin@aol.com>. And we await the imminent launching of Robb White's smaller version of Rescue Minor.



New Boat on the Dock at CWB

Our Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle now has a classic pedal powered boat for the livery, *Aphasia*, shown underway on lake Union with designer Phiel Thiel and I aboard. The name is Greek for "speechless", but it's okay to joke, chant or sing "Louie, Louie" while pedaling this lapstrake garvey with side-by-side seats. There is room for a couple more on the bow and stern thwarts.

The idea of the boat was offered to us by Phil Thiel, Andy Goulding, and Mike Gordon. They proposed a traditional boat that would be suitable for anyone who wasn't skilled at rowing, or had little upper body strength. Its seat layout makes it great for dates. Pedal powered boats have been around since 1850. Boston Public Gardens had six pedal powered Swan Boats built for garden tours in 1877, and they are still in use.

Aphasia was designed by naval architect Phil Thiel, built by Rich Kolin and funded by private donors.

Dick Wagner, Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA



Wonderful Donation

I enclose a photo of *1,0001 Days*, a gorgeous Chesapeake sailing skiff built by Wyndan Riote and donated by him and his wife to our Cruising Ministries for use in our youth sailing program, the fifth such donation we have received for this program.

Mr. Riote has been described as an obsessive, compulsive perfectionist and this boat is the proof. Can you guess why her name is *1,0001 Days*?

Again I must say that readers of *MAIB* are the most wonderful people in the boating world.

In His Name and to His Glory, R. Clay Teppenpaw, Cruising Ministries, 6110 Florida Ave., New Port Richey, FL 34653, <graced@gte.net>



Information Needed...

Who Was That Guy?

The boat I got the greatest kick out of at the John Gardner Small Craft Weekend at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut the first weekend in June was Skinny Flat Mouse. I just chuckle to myself every time I recall how the owner had a prospective client entranced with the fact that, yes indeed, this is a limited edition boat and you too can be the proud owner of another Skinny Flat Mouse complete with edition number if only, however you can purchase the plans or get the plans via the internet or somewhere simple like that.

It was a hoot, the prospective client was a boy about 11 years old and he was seriously considering the options.

In another moment, the owner remarked that he hoped the mariner trying his craft out didn't spin the boat around so hard in the water that the fixed rudder might break.

Who was that guy with the Skinny Flat Mouse I think he needs an article written about his creation.

Gail E. Ferris, Stony Creek, CT

Opinions...

A Letter From the UP

A couple of weeks before your issue came out with the letter from Joe Reisner about Jim Michalak's comments about sharpies pounding, I wrote to Jim and said about the same things. I also suggested that if he stopped saying how bad sharpies were in rough conditions he might sell more plans. Are we Michiganers the only people who complain?

I've saved the page from *MAIB* about Glen L's pedal-paddle boat. Try saying that three times fast! You know I've been interested in pedal power since I heard about it but didn't like the deep draft or the cost of a propellor installation. Now that somebody has suggested a paddlewheel, I can have shallow draft and build it myself. From what I've read, performance ought to be about the same (it's not as efficient as a propellor. ED).

Somebody else mentioned the lack of freeboard in that boat where two little hulls are put together to make a catamaran. I dug out Bolger's book with Query in it and, lo and behold, there were the numbers for the narrow version of Windsprint. Sixteen by a little over two feet and the sides are 16". Who could ask for anything more?

I take my "used" magazines to the high school library but got in trouble this spring. Before I hauled them away I looked through a few of them and discovered a whole bunch of stuff I hadn't read yet. I'm a lifelong reader and a qualified reading teacher and it really hurts me. I've had to adjust my reading and quit going quickly over stuff I didn't find all that interesting the first time through.

The problem is an ongoing one and there seems no cure for it. We all have reading habits, not all of them good. Probably better than not reading at all. Do the ads get more attention? I don't think so, despite the effort and money put into them.

I'll be moving shortly downstate nearer some of my relatives. I'll cease being a Yooper!

Ron Laviolette St. Ignace (Upper Peninsula), MI

This Magazine...

An Umbrella Most of Us Can Get Under

When I first subscribed I thought that *MAIB* would be one of those "purist" mags in which only boats powered exclusively by sail and built of frames, ribs, planking and brass screws would be found (perhaps also those powered by oars). I was pleasantly surprised to find it is an umbrella most of us can get under.

My 15' boat is a Bolger design, marine plywood covered with fiberglass, of the "instant boat" construction promoted by Dynamite Payson, and is powered by a 1985 Evinrude 25hp "stinkpot". I read once where Mercury Marine's secret test lake in Florida remains as unpolluted as all its neighboring lakes in spite of constant testing activity, so who's kidding whom?

Steve Decker, Queensbury, NY 12804

Great Place to Dream

When *MAIB* arrives I turn immediately to the Classified Marketplace. It is a great place to dream, to make up stories of the faded dreams of others, and, of course, to shop for boats and gear. When I saw this Brockway skiff appear in the classifieds I knew it was time for me to start living a new, however modest, dream with my next boat. A small skiff for messing about the inlets and shores of the Vineyard. A boat with some history and character too. Now, I just need to find the right sailboat, an old one-lunger, and...

John Clough, Vineyard Haven, MA



Immortalize your boat in an original oil painting. Our artists will create an heirloom to be cherished forever. Simply supply a photograph of your boat and we will do the rest. Risk free ordering, pay nothing until you approve your proof. Special club pricing available.

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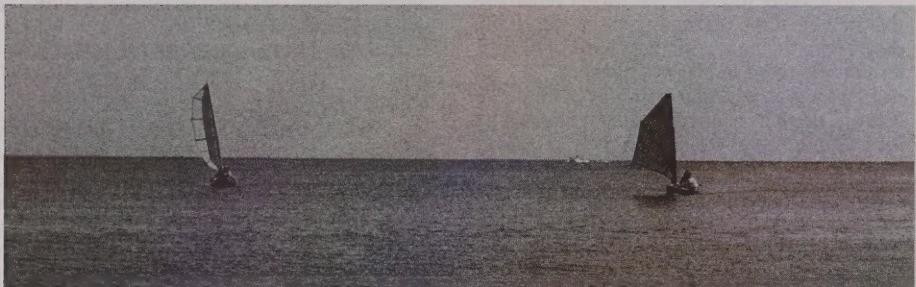
www.BoatPortraitStudio.com

Cedar Key Journal 2002 Small Boat Meet

By Ron Hoddinott



Saturday morning on Atsena Otie.



Hugh Horton (Black Puffin) and Larry Whited (canoe with Balog rig).



Brenda Bell's *Soul Etude* with Kilburn Adams aboard.

Looking south on Atsena Otie Friday afternoon.



Okay. So I couldn't decide if I was being lazy, cheap, or just procrastinating, but I didn't make reservations at the Island Place for the first weekend of May, or anywhere else in Cedar Key, even though I knew for certain that a fleet of battleships couldn't keep me from going. Somewhere in the deepest recesses of the shallow pool I call a mind, was the idea that I wanted to sail to Cedar Key this year, and camp aboard *Whisper*. A different perspective on the event perhaps, and a passage I'd wanted to make for several years... one that was just waiting for an excuse to be made. I decided to launch at Crystal River's Fort Island Trail County Park and sail from there. Bud Tritschler in his Sea Pearl *Nutshell*, and Art Gregory in his Peep Hen *Kiva*, were also making the passage, but had left ahead of me.

In any case here I was, out of sight of land (if you didn't count the Crystal River nuclear power plant cooling towers fading in the haze behind me), in three to four foot waves heading offshore towards the islands that make up the Cedar Keys. Being offshore in these waters is quite unique, as the water gets deeper so gradually, that you have to be ten miles offshore before you have that many feet of water beneath you. This produces an unusual kind of sea, especially with over a thousand miles of fetch to the southwest. Whitecaps occur at lower wind speeds than in the open ocean, as the waves tend to trip on the shallow bottom.

The wind was out of the southwest, and I was breaking a long standing rule to "never go offshore in a southwest wind." This self imposed rule stems from several mistakes I'd been lucky to survive in my early days of sailing the west coast of Florida. Usually, the southwest wind precedes the approach of a norther or cold front. The seas get up from the south, and then BLAM, the norther stands everything on its head. But this was the first weekend in May, and this southwest wind was coming from the bottom end of a huge high pressure system. No cold fronts predicted, so here I was, heading offshore as fast as *Whisper*, my Sea Pearl 21 could take me.

I'd been watching the wind direction recordings at the NOAA weather buoy in Cedar Key for the past few days, and every day the wind had started in the southwest and gradually clocked around to the west. I wanted to put a few more degrees in the bank than a direct course would give me, heading out until the way point on the GPS insured that I'd stay on port tack even if the wind went around to the west. *Whisper* was snaking through the lumpy seas with an occasional growler laying her over to the rail's edge. We were averaging a good 5.5 to 5.7 knots on a beam reach, and loving it. I concentrated on the compass and took quick looks at the GPS to see how we were doing.

Watching the beads of spray decorate the bow as she lifted over and shouldered through a sea, I gauged the wind strength and checked my course. With no one to talk to, and not much to look at except the sea, I began to play

games in my head to entertain myself. If one can go a mile in fifteen minutes at 4 knots, how long does it take to go one mile at 5.7 knots? It turns out to be something like 11 minutes. At least that's what we were doing, knocking off a nautical mile every 11 minutes toward our destination, the Cedar Keys.

An hour ago, Art Gregory in his Peep Hen and I had crossed tacks at the Crystal River Nuclear power plant spoil islands. These spoil banks stick out into the Gulf almost six miles, and one has to either find a way through, or go around. We managed to find a passage that *Whisper* was able to make with a few nicks in her aluminum rudder, but I advised Art to go around the point, as he draws twice my six inch draft. Since then, Art's sail had gradually faded into the haze behind my wake, and now I was alone.

I began to wonder how far out I would be when I first sighted one of the Cedar Keys. It turned out to be 7.5 nautical miles. I sighted a smudge on the horizon where I suspected Seahorse Key to be, but it later turned out to be Snake Key. The next sighting was the water tower in Cedar Key, looking at first like a white powerboat, but later transforming itself into a sign with legs, finally a water tower on Way Key.

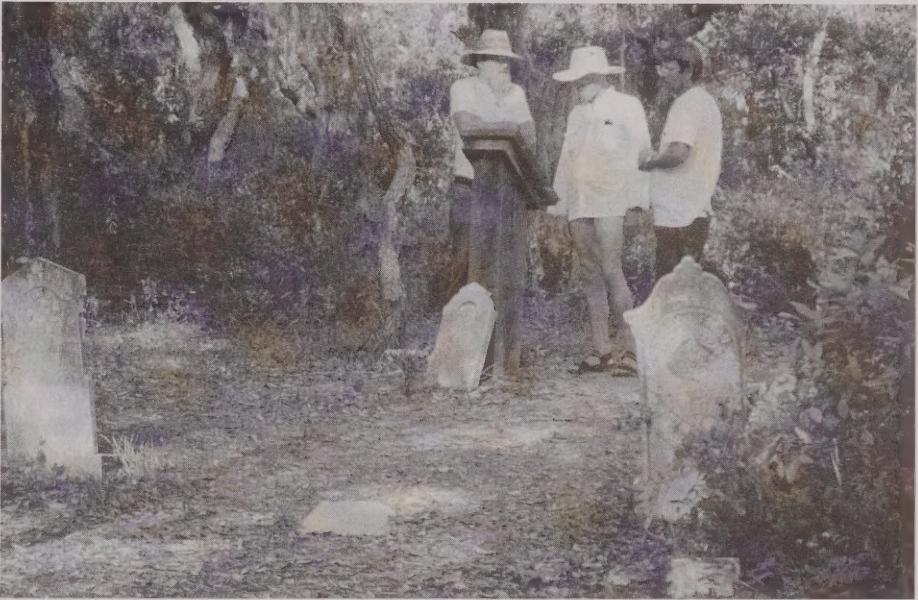
Just as expected, as I neared the Cedar Keys, the wind clocked into the west. I reefed the main and mizzen again, and close reached to the east side of Atsena Otie Key. As Atsena hove into view, I remembered the pod of dolphin that had greeted me there the last time I'd sailed along that shore. As if on cue, at that same moment, a pod of four large bottlenose dolphin came right out to greet me, their sleek dark grey bodies making short work of the chop in the Cedar Keys estuary. One came right at *Whisper*, and dove underneath as if to check out the humming sound coming from the leeboard's pennant. It was a moment to remember, a fast passage with a warm greeting at journey's end. *Whisper* slid up on the beach at 3:30pm, just three and a half hours after leaving the Crystal River Sea Buoy, a distance of almost 20 miles. It was a well favored passage, and a St. Paulie Girl beer went down to celebrate its successful conclusion.

Surveying the area, I noticed a contingent of sail craft heading toward the beach. Before long Hugh Horton in *Black Puffin* had landed. Larry Whited was also sailing a canoe, but had also brought along his new-to-him *Sea Pearl 28*. She was really looking spiffy, anchored offshore of Cedar Key, in her new Marine Concepts paint job. Brenda Bell in *Soul Etude* also arrived, as did Bud Tritschler in *Nutshell*, who had enjoyed an equally wonderful sail to the islands. Brenda had Kilburn Adams aboard, who had just delivered his custom 16' power skiff to an expectant east coast buyer. Another great boat arrived, a Rose Bay Skiff sailed by her creator, Jim. I didn't get everyone's name this year, so I hope they will forgive me. We scanned the horizon for Art in the Peep Hen, but no luck. Finally we saw an off-white sail and knew he was safe. We made contact by radio, and soon Art came in for a rest.

Hugh and company went off to a party at Bob Treat's house on 7th street, but the tired passage makers decided to hang out by the islands, and just take it easy. Someone suggested that we move the entire company around to the north side of the island, so we did, and came to rest very close to the beach. The west



Atsena inner lagoon.



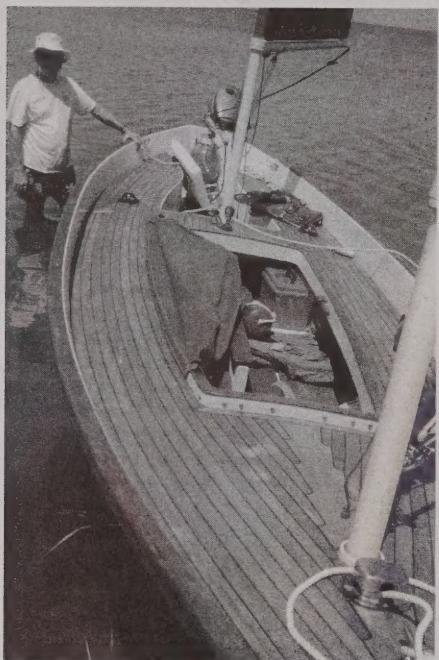
Reflections on the lives of Florida's West Coast pioneers.

Friday gathering on Atsena.





Chuck Leinweber's *Caprice* by Jim Michalak.



Roland Martin's Sea Pearl 21 with teak inlaid decks! (Snake Key)

erly breeze continued through the night keeping the bugs off, and making pleasant sleeping for all.

Saturday morning was different than previous Small Boat Meets. We didn't have to get the boats off the beach at the Island Place, as we were already out on the island! The tide had gone out during the night, and left us high and dry, which also accounted for the soundness of our rest. But now we were happily floating again. We had whatever we considered breakfast, and watched the boats head out from Cedar Key. The first contingent was a group of kayakers. They were all well made hand constructed boats, and we enjoyed looking them over.

Art wanted to take a walk to the interior of the island, which was the location of the Cedar Pencil factory between the Civil War and the 1880s. Now there were only a few ruins, and a cemetery. A well trimmed walking path led to what remained, a few bricks, an old well, the remainder of a windmill, and the

cemetery. It was very touching to read the gravestones, and reflect on the lives of the pioneers of the west coast of Florida, back when Henry Plant's railroad ended in Cedar Key. The founders of the City of Clearwater reached that location by riding the train to its terminus at Cedar Key, and boarding schooners that took them to what eventually became Clearwater, about a hundred miles south along the coast.

By the time we'd walked back to the beach, it was filling up with sail and paddle craft of every description. The West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron (of Florida) were well represented with 23 members, as best I could determine. Frank Wentzel, who owns a Roy Graham version of the Munroe Egret, located me on the beach and we sailed most of the day together. Frank is currently restoring the Egret, and was looking for some inspiration to get him back on the project. He kept saying, "This is the best boat show I've ever been to! All of these boats are relevant to the kind of boating I like to do!" He was right. This event is a moving feast.

The problem is trying to get a good look at all the boats, because they're almost in constant motion. With five nearby offshore islands, it isn't unusual to "lose" someone for most of the day! I kept looking for Jim Leet, president of Marine Concepts Sailboats, who was hanging out with Ron Johnson, his brother-in-law, and the former president of the company. Ron and Sammey were sailing his Sea Pearl Tri, and Jim had a Pepper by Salt Marine along. I think he gave up on it after a while and sailed with the Sea Pearlers, but I'm really not sure, as they eluded me all day!

Steve Anderson of the East Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, also known as the Halifax Trailer Sailors, was supposed to call me when he arrived in Cedar Key by car from Tampa. We got the call on the VHF about noon. After feeding his 14 year old daughter Sarah, and sending her off to shop in the galleries, he joined us aboard *Whisper*. Steve wanted to visit with Chuck Leinweber, who has built a Jim Michalak *Caprice*, a multi chine 25' sharpie with yawl rig. Steve and Chuck had been sharing e-mailed ideas on boat building, and were anxious to meet each other. The only problem was finding Chuck!

By this time in the afternoon the fleet was spread out between the four main offshore islands. Some had headed out to North Key, and we could see some boats out near Seahorse

Key. There was quite a gathering on Snake Key as well, but no sign of Chuck's *Caprice*. We tacked out toward Seahorse in a southwest wind, and then headed over to Snake. By the time we got to Snake the party had moved on. Dave and April Thomasson in their *Pearl* were anchored by the western cove, sitting under the forward bimini and enjoying the breeze. Bud Tritschler cruised by and we followed him to the eastern end of Snake. Lee and Martha Copp followed us in, where Roland Martin was getting ready to leave. We convinced Roland to stay while I took some pictures of his *Sea Pearl*'s teak inlaid decks.

We decided to meet at the town beach for dinner at 5pm. That gave us a few more hours of sailing and looking for Chuck. Just before giving up, we cruised past the north side of Atsena Otie Key one more time. Chuck's *Caprice* was sailing into the beach in front of the Island Place. We decided to anchor right off the town beach, and Steve would walk over to visit with Chuck. When Frank and I arrived at the town beach we discovered Art's Peep Hen and Brenda's *Pearl* already anchored. Bud soon arrived and we were joined by Steve and Elizabeth Howe on shore. Gordie Hill and Mandy were there as well with their Core Sound 17, *Sawdust*.

We decided that Cook's Cafe was a good or better than any of the tourist spots on the waterfront, so we all walked into town. Dinner at Cook's is always an experience in casual dining. But the waitresses are friendly, and the food is filling. Although they were out of the advertised special of Crab Cakes, we were all fed, and enjoyed the happy repartee provided by such a large group of sailors.

After dinner we decided to walk over to the Island Place, to see what had happened to Jim Leet and the Marine Concepts crew. I hadn't seen him all day, and wondered how he and Jan were doing. As we entered the open courtyard of the complex, Jan Leet called out to me, "Ron, there you are! We've been worried sick about you!" This was certainly a surprise to me, as I didn't expect anyone to be worried about me!

Jim and Jan were having a party in their condo, and there was still quite a bit of food left over. Having just had a filling dinner, we didn't partake of the food, but enjoyed the friendly conversations, and beverages provided. I explained to Jim and Jan what I'd been doing all day, and why our paths hadn't crossed. Jan absolutely insisted that, "You are going to stay with us, instead of going back out to sleep on that boat!" The offer of a shower was one that was hard to turn down, so I somewhat reluctantly agreed to go get *Whisper* and bring her around to the Island Place beach, to spend the rest of the evening in comfort. The rest of the crowd thinned out, and the campers went back to their boats to anchor out off of Atsena Otie Key. I did enjoy the shower, and the comfort of a feather bed, but worried about being able to get off the beach in time in the morning to catch the tide or wind with Bud and Art.

The next morning, I woke Jim up to walk over to Cook's Cafe for breakfast. We enjoyed a hearty Cedar Key breakfast, and then Jim helped me get *Whisper* off the beach and underway. I cleaned and organized the sheets in the cockpit while *Whisper* sailed out toward the east side of Atsena in a light east wind. Bud's and Art's and Brenda's boats were anchored near the shore, and Art and Bud were

getting on sail. Before long we were all squared away toward Crystal River and the wind was unexpectedly favorable. All the forecasts had predicted light southeast winds, which would have made for a very long day of beating. But the wind was picking up out of the northeast! Another beam reach! Could we possibly be so lucky?

Thinking that the predicted southeast wind would eventually come to pass, I headed east of the direct course to Crystal River, and close reached at a respectable speed of 5 to 5.5 knots with slightly shortened sail on the main and mizzen. Bud held a direct line course, and so for quite a while our courses diverged. Art in the slower Peep Hen fell back to a position in our wakes. We couldn't believe our luck, having a fair wind both coming and going. The seas were a bit quieter than on the way north having only a ten mile fetch from Wicasssa Bay to the northeast instead of a thousand miles or so from the southwest. *Whisper* boomed along, again on port tack, play-

ing with the seas, tossing spray off her bow like a thoroughbred.

Somewhere about halfway there we came upon a huge loggerhead turtle wallowing along in the swells. *Whisper* surprised her and she took off for the bottom, but not before we got a very good look from right alongside. I hoped that she was returning to her home in the sea after laying a goodly number of eggs on the quiet shores of the Florida Nature Coast.

The wind held for three hours, which put us right off the Crystal River power plant channel. Then it gradually went light until we were ghosting along under full sail. *Whisper* never really stopped, or even got below 1.5 knots. The sun was almost overhead and very hot. I was thankful for the bimini top, and a cooler of ice and cold drinks. I enjoyed the rest of some leftover fried chicken watching Bud's *Nutshell* and *Whisper*'s courses converge at our agreed upon waypoint. By this time Bud was about one quarter mile ahead having sailed a straight line course to the

waypoint.

Now Bud has no engine aboard *Nutshell*, and wouldn't hear of having one, so it was out of the question for me to start the engine and pass him, so there we were watching the fishermen pull in mackerel and praying for the sea breeze to set in from the west. We didn't have to wait too long. About an hour after the wind died from the northeast, a gentle breeze came up from astern. Gradually it increased in strength until we were boating along at hull speed, running wing on wing right up the channel to the river mouth.

This was a Cedar Key small boat meet from a different perspective. Looking in from the sea, and enjoying the islands and boats, we missed out on some of the shoreside social life with old friends that we've had in the past. I barely got to spend a few minutes with Hugh Horton and friends. But there will be other times, and a time to raise a glass together once again.

Whisper alongside Lee and Martha Copp's SP21 on Snake Key.



Art Gregory's Peep Hen Kiva on the return trip to Crystal River Sunday morning.



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For years now I have been wanting to get down to Florida to take in IBEX, The International Boatbuilding Exposition sponsored by *Professional Boatbuilder* magazine. *PBM* is far and away the best industry mag I have seen and covers everything, wood to exotics. The mag and IBEX are both, I presume, offspring of the fertile mind of Carl Cramer, publisher of *WoodenBoat*.

Dennis Bradley, of Kokopelli fame, was suggesting some project or other when I mentioned that I really ought to go to IBEX. Dennis, who deploys to Pine Island, Florida for the winter, where he has truck w/camper, boat, lodging, boating friends and other accouterments of the perfect host, including above all, a lovely, gracious and understanding wife, immediately offered to pick me up at the airport and go along to the show. I have a reputation, with offers of this kind, of getting the door open before opportunity stops knocking.

After fooling around on the net, where the best I could do was about \$400 out of Salt Lake City or Denver, I signed off and went round to see my very attractive local travel lady. She quickly pulled up a RT to Tampa, right out of the Junction for a flat \$300, which included all taxes, fees, her \$20 surcharge. I felt so faint I could barely fish out my card. It normally costs more than that for a RT to Denver.

A Delta Canadair whisked me to SLC and another nearly took me back over the Junction on the way to Dallas. Great airplane but funny routing. We wasted an hour getting together at Tampa and then headed south with Dennis' friend Chubb White in Chubb's zoom wagon.

Dennis had been talking up a beach messabout, so next day, Saturday, we were on the sand where Dennis keeps his sharpie, *Egret*, anchored out. He keeps his Bolger Nymph on the foreshore but at low tide he can wade out to the big boat.

We were soon joined by a young couple rowing a 20'. Bolger dory, and Bill Mantis with his sailing canoe. Bill has written a small book on his rig, a lateen variant. His peculiar but effective rudder consisted of a horizontal member about 18" long, pivoting on the end deck, to the ends of which were affixed verti-

The big dory. Dennis in the Rocket, Chubb off in the Solcat 17, *Egret*.



IBEX & Swaying Palms

By Jim Thayer

cal 1x 4s which projected about 8" into the water.

Dennis went out with him in a breeze fairly stiff for canoe and they got along well. Dennis also had one of my Urbanna Rockets nicely fitted out and with clever adjustable oarlocks. Chubb stood off and on with his 17' Sol Cat but didn't try a landing.

Latter, we took *Egret* out with the doryman on the helm and the rest of us relaxed. Well, fairly relaxed, because in these waters, if you don't keep one eye on the water you will soon be plowing sand.

Sunday there was a party at Chubb's place and Monday we brought the *Egret* around to the safety of the big lagoon behind the trailer park. Had a fair wind all the way including several doglegs. We then loaded the camper and Tuesday morn were on the road for Ft. Lauderdale.

We arrived just in time to catch the end of Tony DeLima's presentation on mold paint and to admire the sample being passed around. I caught up with Tony next day and got the full lowdown on the procedure. He is using a water based paint rather than gelcoat, which would save 8-10lbs on the Livery. With an epoxy layup for strength, I think we could do



Epoxy MASmeister Tony DeLima with wide-eyed interviewer.

a nice Livery at 50-60lbs. A 30lb Rocket should be double. Hope to give it a try soon.

Perhaps I shouldn't mention it but nevertheless I must speculate that the convention center is run by witless incompetents. As we checked in Tuesday for the pre-convention seminars, the PA system advised us to ignore any alarms we might hear. For the rest of the afternoon we were plagued by near continuous sirens and announcements to clear the building without using the elevators. Next morning we found a mob of people in the street because the building was closed for security reasons. We got in soon after the official opening hour only to be treated to the same warnings and sirens. Things calmed down around noon when the third floor finally opened up.

Another talk of interest to the amateur was about foam plank building. ATC makes a two inch wide plank in various thickness with bead and cove edges. On a small boat a 2" plank will give you a bunch of ridges but they are easy to sand off. The glue is supposed to sand the same as the foam. A small dinghy on display, of just foam, no glass, was light as a feather. Got me all excited.

Baltek has a similar product of balsa with a thin wood veneer on both sides. It's no doubt stronger but heavier and more expensive as well. Must check it out. Their salesman was hard put to find me a sample.

I had happened to mention to Jay Ludvigh, one of our video fans, that I would be at the show and he promised to look me up. I wondered how he expected to do that. Well, as Jay is coming down the escalator he recognizes Kokopelli video star Dennis on the way up. We got together for supper and had a great gam. Jay has been into it for so long that he brought up the NINA article from the old *Small Boat Journal*.

We spent the night up the road at a Wal Mart. Wal Mart and Cracker Barrel don't mind having self-contained campers overnight in their lots. Their hospitality was to be rewarded before the trip was out.

Wednesday when the security men figured out how to open the doors, we plunged into the main hall to get seriously to work. If more evidence is needed that this is a motor-boat world, IBEX provides it. There were countless engine and transmission guys along with the instrument panel, Naugahyde furniture and cup holder crowd.

One big new thing has come over the horizon. I had a inkling of it when I bought a new head (fore) lamp for the Kokopelli. We now have LED running and trailer lights. Red and green are easy but they are having trouble getting a good white. They are expected to last nearly forever and to be waterproof. More importantly, they have phenomenally low drain, which is crucial in a small boat. If we are going to spend big money on high class trailer lights it may occur to somebody that we could afford some decent connectors. I'm thinking sprung gold plated bronze contacts. The millennium may be at hand but best not hold your breath.

For some time I have been wondering if I could justify a real gelcoat spray rig. With the advent of the 18' Novia and the 22' Western Lady the answer is affirmative. In fact it is imperative. Incidentally, if you want to be the first on your block to have a gorgeous gaff topsail, plank-on-edge cutter with awesome bowsprit, better get in touch.

The EPA is giving the fiberglass indus-

try a fit about VOCs, mainly styrene, getting into the air. Short of going to closed molding, the best hope is to cut spraying pressure and thus atomization. The ideal is to lay on a thin sheet of liquid. The problem; it's very hard to get the film thin and even without trapping air. At the Valspar seminar they assured us that their goop would work. One of the big spray rig outfits claimed to have licked the problem. They had an impressive demo setup. Impressive but still not real world. The other spray guys said we are not there yet. Other gelcoat people said "It depends". Do I want to stick my neck out to be "state of the art"?

The four mainline equipment people had machines listing for about four grand. Off in left field I ran into a small shop guy with the best looking rig of all on show special for \$2800. I dragged Dennis, promoted to shop foreman for this event, over to have a look at it. He thought it was nice. The fellow, not a salesman from the usual mold, agreed to take a credit card. Still I wavered.

Out on the loading dock in the fresh air there were several high tech resin infusion demonstrations. We always seemed to show up just as they were finishing. Up on the third floor were some fancy integrated wood working tool systems, Fein and a lime green brand, which would be great for a cabinet shop but hard to justify for a little boatbuilder.

Come quitting time, Carl laid on beer and eats, some filling and some high falutin. Up on the third floor there were no lines and we did our share. We staggered back to the camper for a rest. Ere long Dennis discovered that his feet were still insufficiently flat and we were off over the high bridge to check its opening at short range and watch a cruise liner come in.

Our garage berth, open to the air on one side and with a twenty foot ceiling, was a pleasant enough place so we decided to sack in situ. Thursday was more of the same. We studied the LED lights, talked to core material guys, ruminated over various gizmos, admired a computer driven router outfit valued at several years gross, and finally wound up back at our favorite squirt gun man. He had actual pistol grips on his gun but still no decision.

Come five o'clock, the big draw of the day, the licensure discussion. The big room was full and on the dais were six designers, mostly well-known small boat guys. Paul Lazerus, editor of *PB* introduced Dudley Dawson, a frequent contributor, who then introduced the panel and gave us some background.

Dawson laid out the genesis of the problem. To wit: The Coast Guard lacked money and manpower to go through all the nuts and bolts of certification in a timely manner. So they decided that they could accept a certain amount of stuff on the say so of a licensed naval architect. Alors, le deluge.

Dawson gave an evenhanded presentation favoring licensure. Gerr had a prepared text vehemently opposing. Steve Thiel of the Landing School came right to the point as Englishmen are wont to do, and pointed out (I translate freely) that boats must float but naval architects needn't. Walter McLane, an academic and, I gather, an experienced big ship guy, strongly favored. Eric Sponberg favored but declined to speak, instead passing out cards for a straw vote. Jim Bacuz of Westlawn was against, but I believe somewhat conciliatory.

Dennis, a practiced but hardly typical bureaucrat, got his fill before the presentation finished but I hung on to hear from the audience. First guy up was evidently of considerable experience and well informed but a trifle pedantic and with much to share. You may find a full report elsewhere.

Back at the camper we decided that we had gotten our money's worth and lit a shuck for the western horizon. We hoped to do the Tamiami Trail by light of day so consulted our Cracker Barrel map. An inquiry brought us within sight of the place and after circling a couple of times we found the pass. Next morn we strolled expectantly across the lot and found a good breakfast.

Highlight of the Trail was the gallery of a noted photographer, all b&w, sort of an Ansel Adams of the swamps. In the yard of said establishment was a fairly large alligator of smiling mien and corpulent form. Expecting it to slide into the water at any moment, I started filming as I approached. Suddenly noticing that the ground in its vicinity was littered with cameras, sunglasses and the like, I hit the telephoto and backed off.

Back at the ranch it was decided to look up a couple of old fantail hull customers who were located within ten miles. We found Dan Post at his drawing board where he makes beautiful color renderings of the steamboats he dreams up. A tour of the premises revealed his famous *Sea Grape*, a six or seven footer with just room enough for the engineer. My two hulls had yet to meet an engine, but not for lack of engines, of which there were six or eight about the place, one in the kitchen. Den-

nis was enthralled.

After the steam seminar we repaired around the corner to a canal side joint for two pitchers and grouper sandwiches. Grouper is great fish. They must keep it all in Florida.

Another evening we dropped in on Dave Conroy, likewise a machine man. He had put a one lung Yanmar in my Mountain Girl hull and sold it off sometime back. Under the carport was a nice little steamboat and out back hanging from a lift was a 26' tug. She had very limited accommodations but plenty of space in the engine room to work around the four cylinder diesel. First things first.

In the Florida room we found a replica of a little engine once built in large quantities to pull kiddie trains in amusement parks. There was some other marvel that I can't seem to pull up at the moment, as well as a spiffy new Chinese diesel. It fired at the touch of a button.

In the hall was a built-in lighted display of small scale rail engines and in the living room le piece de resistance, a gorgeous replica of a steam powered popcorn popper wagon. It is fired for parties. Dennis gently tweaked the shiny flywheel and was gently reminded that touching causes fingerprints.

So what else is new? Ah, Dave is just back from a week in Cuba with a rail group to see the cane engines. Educational trip you understand, so one can spend the greenbacks with abandon. A home video was stuffed in the VCR and we were off on a trip to the cane fields of Cuba. These engines are oil fired now. There were several shots of Dave, "Hand upon the throne, eye upon the rail". Wonder of won-



Carl Cramer catches a big one, a metaphor for IBEX.

The licensing panel. L-R: Dave Gerr, Steve Thiel, Walter McLane, Eric Sponberg, Jim Bacuz.

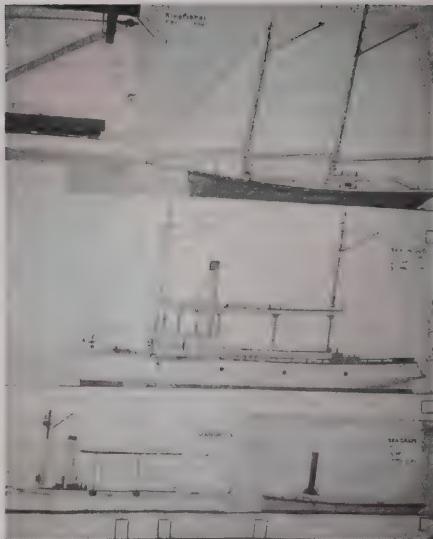




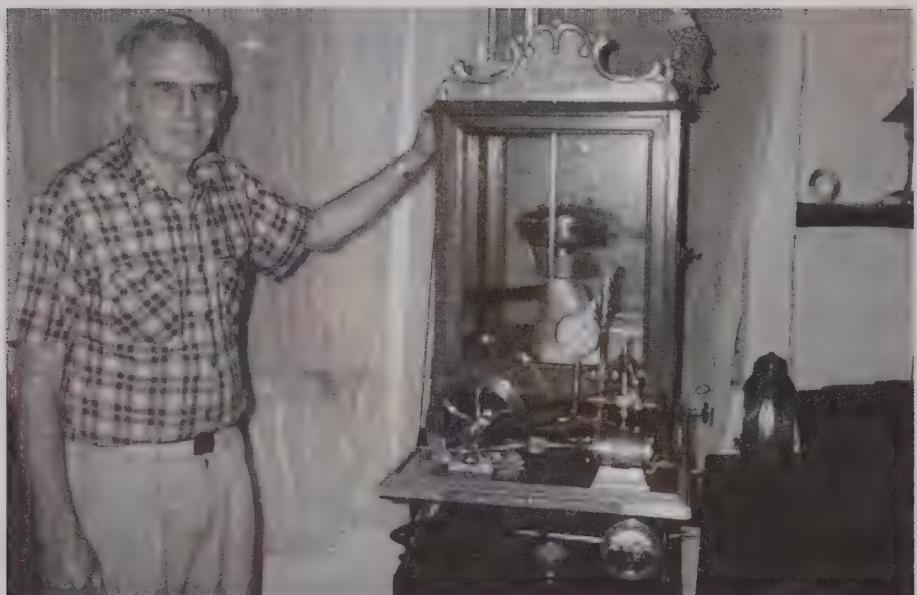
Dan Post with engine, one of many.



Dan's 7' steamboat.



Some of Dan's artwork



Dave Conroy with incredible corn popper.

Dennis and Chubb tweaking the Solcat.



ders they even found an original amusement park engine just like the one at home. Undoubtedly steam is the most fun you can have in a powerboat, but I suppose the usual proviso applies.

Chubb, getting on in years, 85 say, can use a hand at times, and Dennis always seems to have a hand free so they make a natural pair. Thus one morn we cycled over to help Chubb launch his 15' Sol Cat. No need to belabor the point with this group that Chubb really does need two catboats, the 17' with cabin and the 15' for local jaunts. I believe that they are Clark Mills designs and both seem attractive and well built. The lead on one halliard was off enough so that we changed it. Both boats fit nicely at Chubb's finger

The time for an overnight cruise having evaporated, a good day sail was in order, and as the *Egret* needed moving back to the beachfront, a trip to a barrier island was organized. Under power we threaded our way out and then wing and wing started across the flats on a rising tide. The bottom was very close and drew upward as we progressed, finally clutching the keel. Stepping overboard sent her on her way again but soon she need a push and then real shoving on Dennis' part. Despite Dennis' yeoman service we were soon stuck again.

While he went off to scout for water I twisted her with the bowsprit. I don't know if it was my twisting or the rising tide but by the time he got back she was ready for another short run. This drill was repeated a number of times till finally we slipped off into "deep" water and ran down to the back of the key where we anchored and took to the dinghy.

The Nymph handled three very well but soon we were out to wade the bar and find our way into a narrow stream where the tide was running strongly with us. The sandy bottomed stream was overarched by mangroves whose convoluted roots stuck out to bedevil Dennis. The bright sun dappled the sandy bottom and brightened a space that would have been pretty gothic on a cloudy day.

The two passengers had their work cut out for them as they had to make rapid observations of stream depth, current flow, speed and bank bearing, which assessments were then integrated into course corrections for Dennis who received them good naturedly as

he clunked and bumped, backing and filling, through the woody maze.

At last we popped out into a large lagoon which took us right to the beach. We debarked, surveyed the scene and then assumed the stoop shouldered, ground scanning shuffling gait of the mature chonchonut, a dominant species in them parts. We had work to do and pockets to fill. It may well be that this constant movement of material landward is an overlooked factor in beach erosion.

Linda found a really nice olive shell and I got several items that may be suitable for Jessie's hermit friends, who, poor fellows, are faced with a very limited move up market.

I had to keep reminding myself that I was on the job. At a typical soiree the talk often turns to children and problems at work. I need to jump right in and suggest that the kids might enjoy sailing. It would teach them responsibility, self-control, patience, etc.

For the old man, stuck in a rut, gaining a little tummy, a fine pulling boat would be just the ticket. Whether jock or aesthete it will provide just the level of exercise wanted. It's a source of pride and joy just to admire the sheer and run your hand over the silky wood.

After a good pull one whips the oars inboard, pops a top, and drifts silently, watching the birds, the fish jumping, the light flickering on the wavelets, then, all broken up, reflecting off a bright oar. You forget the job, the world, the hassle, till, off in the distance, you see it flashing in the last rays. A triple tuna tower, twin engine bordello bomb. You picture the guy, gold chain, big pinky rock, arm around a blonde bimbo, headed for Hooters, and then...

You smile knowingly, thinking, just another ten years. May have to put in more time, some weekends, take work home, maybe a home office.

Pulling for home, the tuna bimbo starts to fade and the thought of packing it in ten years early begins to play with your mind. Suddenly there's an intelligent woman (she talks knowingly about the Camembert) in a turtleneck, who smiles (seductively?) and your eyes meet as you pour a nice lime pinot grist. Your hands touch as she hands a cracker.

Say, maybe bombing around with a bosomy bimbo wouldn't be all that great. And off ten years early! Better run the numbers.

As with any round trip ticket time ran out. Of course one doesn't just head blindly for the airport. We figured in time for a couple of visits. First stop was the world renowned Wee Lassie man, Mac McCarthy. We found him right where he has been forever, in one of those storage-shop complexes, and busy as ever building and teaching. The little canoes are the main thing but somebody conned him into building a gorgeous Kingston Lobster boat that we saw stored next door. Mac runs a no nonsense shop and seems a bit gruff. Directions for handling severed body parts are posted on his bandsaw. But after hearing him talk about his work with kids, I could tell he has a soft spot for the right sort of customer.

After a missed turn and a long ida y vuelta across a causeway we found our path to, of all places, Phoenix Equipment Co. for one last look at the spray rig. We bought it.

Might as well give Dennis his due for one last exploit. There was a marine surveyor's booth at the show and, while visiting the denizens thereof, Dennis was recognized as shop foreman of the nationally acclaimed Grand

Mesa Boatworks LLC by none other than Pete Brown, who works out to be a cousin of sorts, since his mother married my uncle late in life. We couldn't get together at the show but the Phoenix man lent me his cell and Pete vectored us to a good seafood joint where I met him and his lovely wife

We learned something of the surveyor's life and found that he had three boats himself. Plus, mirabile dictu, he is a *MAIB* reader and knew everything we had been up to. If I hang on with Dennis long enough I may find I have a rich uncle.

Settled in at Wal Mart, Linda and I went looking for Olympic coverage. Didn't find any but Linda pointed me up the camcorder aisle and, voile, there was the discontinued model I had been looking for. It was a Sony Hi-eight with a color viewfinder which takes the same batteries as my digital rig and for \$250. Now I don't have to risk the fancy digital in rough going and I can run the tapes through the digital and stuff them right into the Apple.

We were at the aerodrome in good time next morn to bid fond adieu. My heart sank as the PA called all SLC passengers. Whew! No big deal, we would just have to stay in our seats for the last 300 miles approaching SLC.

I get the full treatment since I evidently have steel shanks in my shoes. Having weathered the initial check and having an aversion to standing in lines, I took a seat where I could enjoy the spectacle of the random check. I didn't see anyone chosen who looked the least

suspicious, but like everyone who has written anything about the subject, I saw the two ends of the spectrum.

One was a chubby, pre-pubescent little girl who seemed quite proud of her contribution to airline safety. At the other extreme was a lady, at least eighty, who had to be helped to a seat to get her shoes back on.

The examination itself is like some sort of highly stylized oriental mating dance. The area that could easily hide a 12" fiberglass dagger is completely ignored. I suppose that a wrong move with a population as sexually primed as Americans might trigger an instant orgy. Picture acres of people rolling on the floor, flinging clothing. And what would Freud say about all those wands?

Epilogue

As I write I got an email from Dennis telling of a seven day cruise to Tampa and back. Somewhere near a place called Spanish Point, Dennis encountered an inflatable, attracted by *Egret's* salty profile. Turned out to be our old friend Roger Allen, late of N. C. Maritime. Seems Roger and wife Michele are living aboard in Florida. If the CIA could somehow trick Bin Laden into a small boat, Dennis would have him in tow in a matter of hours.

(On the rare occasions when he is not on the road to somewhere, Jim Thayer builds fine FG boats/hulls as Grand Mesa Boatworks, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Colbran, CO 81624-9778)



Running aground is great for photos. Everything pulling.

Into the forbidding labyrinth.



Dennis Bradley with that ultimate Wee Lassie guy, Mac McCarthy.



Growing up in Warren Rhode Island, I had ample opportunity to mess about in boats. Warren is a small coastal town with a working waterfront, including the famous Blount Marine Shipbuilding Company. While lacking some of the yachting glamour of its neighbor Bristol it is hard to be from Warren and not be connected with the water.

My cousin Bobby and I were bitten by the boat bug early. By 11 or 12 years old we were floating around the Warren and Barrington rivers in old patched up sailboats. Our first, an old blunt nosed sailboard barely

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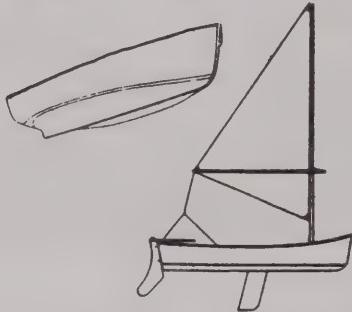
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Last Sail To Prudence Island

By Chris Scanlon

floated unless it was moving forward at a good rate of speed. Talk about an incentive to keep it pointing properly. After this we acquired an 8' pram. Although it had a sail, it didn't sail very well and we made the best of our fine little row boat. While we seldom ventured more than a few nautical miles from home, as far as we were concerned there were no limits to our explorations.

This area of upper Narragansett Bay, especially the Warren and Barrington Rivers, are known for strong tidal currents. In spite of our belief that we could handle any situation that arose, on several occasions we had to make the several mile walk home and ask my father to pick the boat up with the station wagon on his way home from work. It seems after two or three hours of rowing against the current we would give up if it was getting to late and there wouldn't be a reversal in the tide before dark.

By our thirteenth birthdays we had convinced my Uncle Bob that we needed a real sailboat. Out of the blue, one Saturday afternoon, Bobby, Uncle Bob and I went for a ride and stopped at a boat store. Thirty minutes later we were on our way home with a Cape Dory 10. This wine glass transomed gunter/cat rigged sailboat was more than we had ever hoped for. All bets were off, we were in for some serious exploring.

Of all the adventures we had the one I'll never forget was when we were nearly run over by a barge and tugboat. It happened like this. We liked to day sail and frequently spent the whole day sailing around the upper bay. Prudence Island was 4-5 miles from where we kept the dory moored and this usually was the limit to our adventuring, you can only go so far in a 10' boat with sail and oars and still get home before your mother calls the Coast Guard out to find you.

To solve this problem we began to circumnavigate the Island and convinced our parents to let us camp there overnight. I don't know if in today's world this would even be possible with access and regulations on waterfront use as they are, but in 1967 our attitude was there was a beach, we would leave it as we found it and what adult would bother getting out of bed to chase a couple of kids off the shore in the middle of the night.

As an aside, Bobby and I, employing an "act like you own the place and go for it" attitude, would regularly board and inspect 12 meter yachts during the days when the Cup races were held in Newport.

All was going well on one of our camping trips until we awoke around 5am to a deep red sky and gathering storm clouds. Quickly we loaded our sleeping bags into the boat, draped ourselves in black plastic trash bags (foul weather gear) and set sail from Potter's Cove hoping to make the trip home to Warren before the wind died and the rains came. We were making good time and nearing North Point when the wind stopped blowing. It was darker than it had been all night and a disquieting calm settled over us.

Soon the rain started but it wasn't accompanied by any wind. While debating the relative merits of rowing home or waiting for the

wind, we heard several long loud blasts, sounded to us like a foghorn. Funny thing, visibility wasn't very good but there wasn't any fog in sight. Again the blasts from the horn, getting closer and more frequent. Finally we saw it, a barge, one of those massive scow nosed barges, bearing down on us at a rate of speed greater than we could sail if there had been any wind. We were becalmed in the shipping lane somewhere between North Point and Rumstick Point.

It seems the Providence River was being dredged and this ocean going tug and its barge were heading back from dumping a load of silt somewhere in Rhode Island Sound. To us it seemed we were being approached by a wall hundreds of feet high throwing a wake taller than our mast. Years later I know the barge was probably only 30'-40' high. The channel is that deep and with a full load on the barge would have need at least that much water to make the trip.

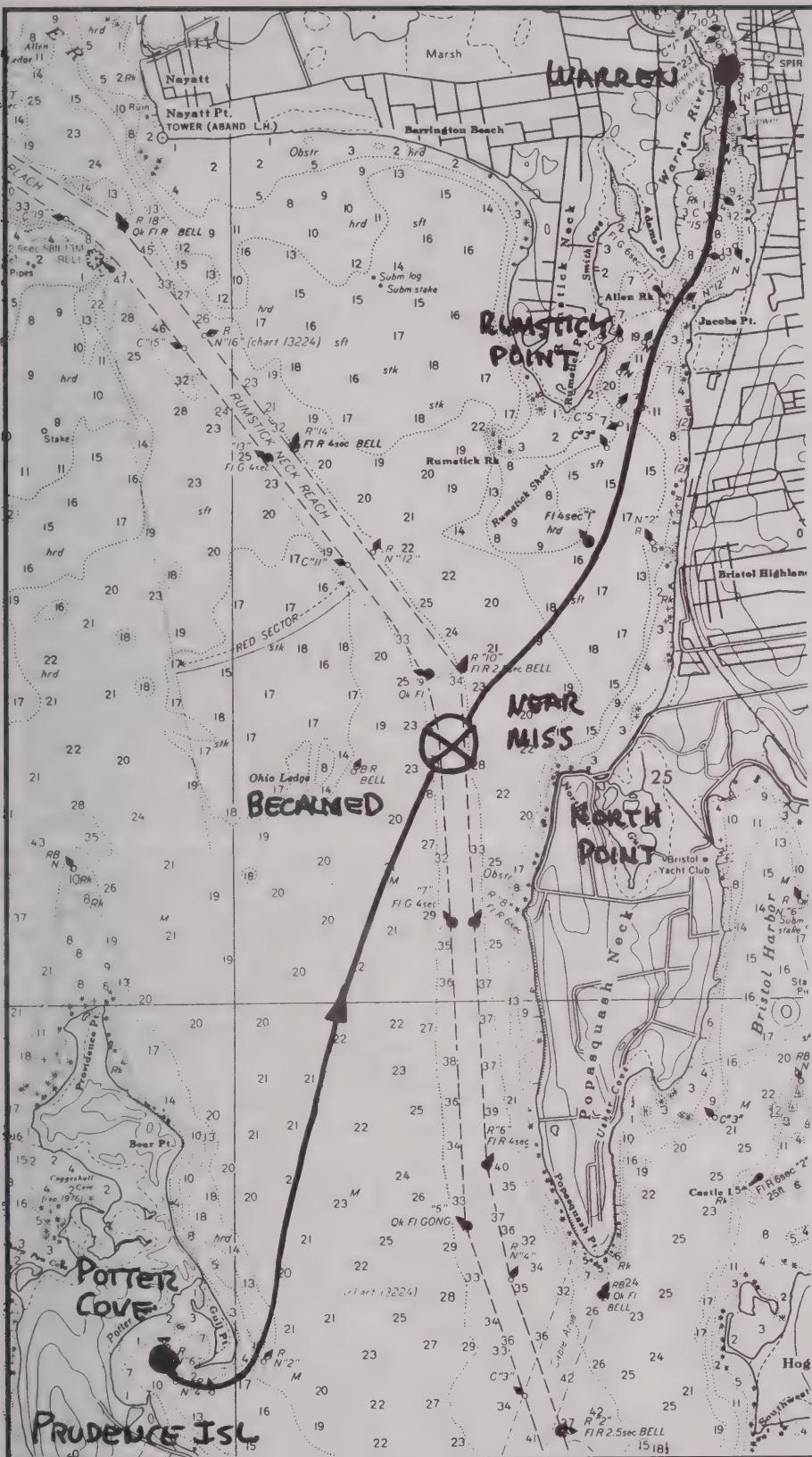
Time to argue about sail versus rowing was over, we both grabbed an oar and began rowing to save our boat. I think we were more concerned about preserving it than ourselves. The Captain of the tug was blasting away at us and all we could think was, doesn't he see we are rowing as fast as we can? Why does he keep tooting that horn? We must have cleared the channel by 40'-50' by the time the barge came alongside of us, the captain signaling to us with his hands in a way I have never been able to find in Bowditch. We enjoyed quite a ride from the wake he was pushing but otherwise we were unscathed.

An hour or so later the wind picked up and in the pouring rain we sailed the last several miles home. I think that may have been the last such trip Bobby and I took to Prudence Island. Several years later Uncle Bob bought us a 17' Venture cuddy cabin day sailor and there were several larger and more comfortable boats in our future. We had some wonderful times in all of them but there is something special about that first time on the water when confronted with saving ourselves and our boat.

I hesitate to glamorise this little incident for all the obvious reasons. First; in the mind of an older man looking back it's hard not to embellish the details, (I haven't). Second; it's hard not to think "how stupid could those kids be to have gotten themselves into a jam like that?" Third; viewing this incident through our current cultural lenses I can here everyone asking "where were their parents?" If half the things we did as kids were done today we would have ended up in child protective services and our parents accused of child endangerment.

And finally, like the ubiquitous lawsuit, someone would want to pass a law regulating kids, boats and probably tugs and barges. I can understand all these sentiments, as a parent I can especially sympathize with the third one. Nonetheless I hope there will always be a place where kids can experience adventures like this. I think we will all be worse off if there isn't.

P.S. I recently bought a used 14' version of the Cape Dory through the classified ads in *MAIB*. My kids and I will be using it on inland lakes in southern Wisconsin near our Illinois home.. While I don't think we'll be doing battle with any tugboats, I hope there are as many adventures and memories waiting on that lake as I found in my little corner



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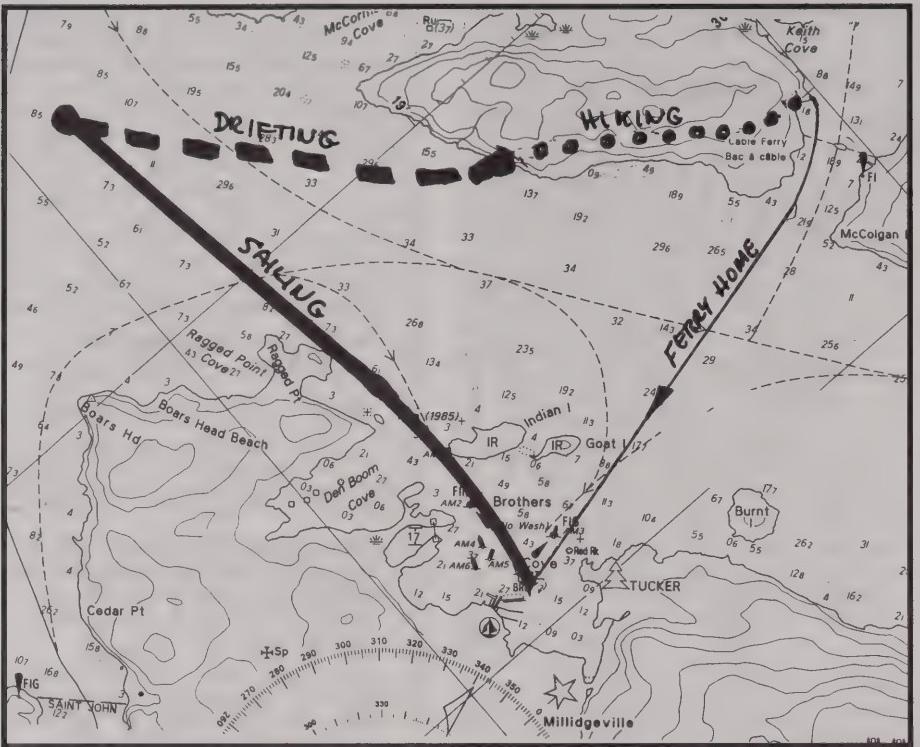
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In 1940 I was 16 and had a new boat, at least new to me! She was a 16' dinghy, cat rig, lapstrake, and amateur built, as were almost all of our small boats. The only criticisms I had were about her solid, and heavy, Bermuda mast, and her planking, which wasn't rabbeted at the bow and stern, but carried the full depth of the laps to the stem and transom. These were minor compared to the generally good quality of her construction. Her builder knew how to build boats, even if he didn't know the finer points of lapstrake building!

She was in such good condition that I got busy and launched her in early May, when there were only a couple of other boats in the water. A few days later I was talking to Don Holder who, when he found that the dinghy was ready to go, suggested that I come up to his father's cottage the next weekend. We'd

Looking Back...

By Bill Gamblin

Early Swim

just finished a tender so I could tow it along at the same time. Also Don's father wanted a 50lb anchor that was at the Club so I agreed to take it as well. The following Saturday I collected the anchor from their locker at the Club, picked up the tender at the dock, and squared away for the trip up river.

It was an overcast day, about 15 knots of wind from the SW. This was the first time I'd sailed the dinghy. She was handling beautifully and travelling fairly fast. The wind was pretty close to abeam when I decided to have

a look at the tender to see how much water she was taking on from the seas. I put the helm down and she started to round up, but then the weight of the solid mast took over and she heeled enough to put the leeward coaming under water, and I was swimming! Luckily she had sufficient wood to float herself and the anchor. Unluckily the tender was only 7' long and I knew, after several trials, that I could not get in without another capsize! The next thing I did was to try and right the dinghy by standing on the centreboard. It worked, but the boat was completely unstable when upright because of the heavy mast. A couple of flip-flops convinced me that she wouldn't stay upright long enough to bail even one bucketful out of her. The weight of the anchor up forward pushed her bow under water so far that it was hard to get at the turnbuckles. Besides, without thinking of an emergency, I'd secured them with wire that would need pliers to remove. Needless to say, I didn't have pliers in my pocket!

So I took a good look around. The spot where I'd dumped the dinghy was about a mile from the rocky shore of Kennebecasis Island. The wind was SW, which meant that it was blowing us along at 45 degrees toward the island. That is neglecting the tide. For an hour I watched our progress as the tide kept us in approximately the same position. Then it changed and we slowly began blowing upriver.

The remaining amount of daylight worried me because, after we blew ashore, there was over a mile to walk through the bush to the ferry dock, and I hadn't any idea of the ferry schedule. I just hoped that it would stop at the island on one of its late trips to the mainland. I hadn't heard of hypothermia so the temperature of the water or the time since I had dumped the dinghy didn't concern me! We drifted slowly along and further inshore until we got close enough that I could touch bottom. The spot on which we landed was rocky so I scrambled around, got the anchor out and dropped it as far out as I could and made the dinghy fast. Then I hunted around for stone to tackle the turnbuckle wires with, as soon as they were loose I lifted the mast out and took it ashore.

It was dark when I started for the ferry and, in spite of the rocky ground and bush I came out just a few hundred yards from the ferry dock. I flaked out there, and in a couple of hours the ferry came in. It was about a 40 minute trip to the mainland and then I started to walk to town. About halfway Don pulled up in his car. He had become worried when I hadn't arrived at the cottage, and was coming to see what had happened!

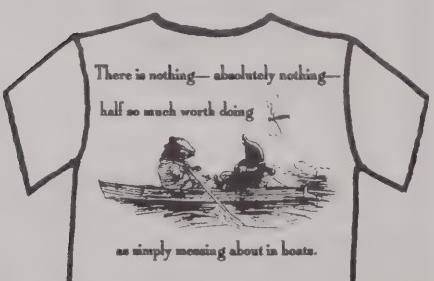
There are a few points to be made:

First, STICK TO YOUR BOAT: I did, not because it was the correct thing to do, but because I wasn't going to abandon my new boat!

Second, TRY EVERYTHING TO GET HER MOBILE AGAIN: I tried everything I could think of, perhaps you could have done more.

Third, GET YOURSELF INTO A MINIMUM HEAT LOSS POSITION: In this case I could lie on the topsides out of water to the waist, again not because it was the correct thing to do, but it was comfortable!

As soon as possible I rowed back to the island in the Club boat, bailed the dinghy and tender out and towed them back to the Club! My first sail in the new dinghy was over!



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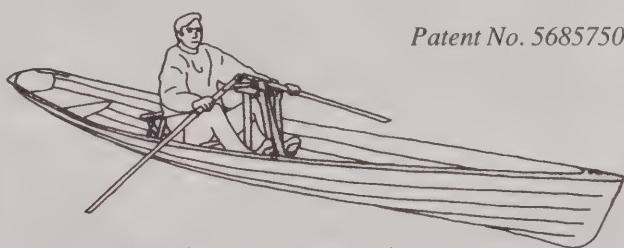
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33rd Annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut



On the dock...and on the beach, over 70 traditional small craft provided the focus for the 2002 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop.



Above: The John Gardner Chapter TSCA, from nearby Groton, Connecticut, built this lovely skiff, christened *Eleanor Watson* in recognition of her quarter century of volunteer service as TSCA Secretary. Only recently retired, Eleanor obviously was pleased to see her namesake on display.



By Bob Hicks

Bright sunshine, a snappy southwest sailing breeze, 200 participants and 70 plus traditional small craft, all came together on June 1st for this annual gathering of the faithful at Mystic Seaport. The Seaport put some push into the event this year, circulating a ten page full color promotional brochure for the event and running a half page ad on our pages. It seems to have helped boost participation.

The format continues in low key, with the "try the boats" focus supplemented by workshops during the day for those so inclined to attend, launchings of boats built in winter Seaport programs, lunch and dinner, evening indoor entertainment of "seldom seen videos", and on the Sunday morning following, the 7am cruise downriver to Mason's Island for breakfast.

Of course, included in the price of participation was access to all the exhibits one cared to visit, a fascinating foray into small craft history for those not already familiar with Mystic's extensive collections.

The Traditional Small Craft Association again held its annual meeting late on Saturday.

This year all the boats in Sharon Brown's Boathouse Livery were available free for try-out to participants, courtesy of the TSCA. One could also sail in the Seaport's catboat *Breck Marshall* or row in the four oared gig *General Lafayette* and the *Charles W. Morgan* whaleboats, and sleep over Saturday night aboard the *Joseph Conrad*.

But mainly it's still "try out the boats", keeping in mind, "Watch out for the *Sabino!*" The Seaport's steamboat makes its regular runs right past the small craft meet docks and beach, sort of like driving a semi-trailer through a kiddie playground. And now, on to the photos.

Left: "Right of way, right of way!" Who prevails in this close encounter of two skin kayaks and a small rowing skiff with family aboard?



Kids have become well integrated into the annual gathering, once pretty much the preserve of the established traditional small craft old guard led by the "Culler Crowd".



Traditional canoes are not commonly seen at the small craft workshop for some reason, they seem to gather mostly at their own events, just for canoes. This couple were paddling around in a really nice one.

Sharon Brown has an enviable job at Mystic Seaport running the Boathouse, a boat livery in season renting out its fleet of traditional small craft off its own dock to museum visitors. In winter the attached boatshop is the site for annual maintenance of the fleet.

Rob Pittaway enjoying himself in a lovely traditionally built lapstrake double ender. Rob spent a number of years working at Mystic on the plans archives.





There were some spectacular getaways off the docks across the southwesterly wind. A marconi rigged little sloop generates quite a wake and Frank Stauss' Shellback dinghy achieves a considerable angle of heel.



A new *John Gardner* was built this past winter to replace the original Floating the Apple four oared gig of this name lost off the beach at Connecticut's Sound School in a winter storm.



Patina still makes the scene, 17 years after Tim Weaver's resurrected New Haven oyster skiff was featured in a series published in our 1984 issues, and now being re-published in the TSCA newsletter, *Ash Breeze*. *Patina* has a patina, that of a workboat with no pretensions to elegance. *Patina* was not averse to entertaining a crowd apparently, seven were aboard for this outing.

Gail Ferris assists a participant in trying out her baidarka. Gail, who spent several years living in Greenland and kayaked solo on trips to the sub-arctic coast of northern Canada, is a confirmed eskimo craft enthusiast.





Looking over and discussing the fleet is a major activity.



Joe Toro's Swampscott dory held special fascination for me as this was the boat I fell in love with back in 1978 and determined to build for myself. For me it never happened, but Joe had a lot more dedication than I did and his boat is a wonderfully well done example of traditional wooden boat building.

One of the little skin kayaks built in one of the Seaport's winter programs, wood frame construction but heat shrink dacron covered.



John Sutphen's peapod presented a weathered, unpainted, unvarnished finish. Unclear was how it got this way, an unrestored older boat or a never finished new project rushed into use some time ago.

William Maher's 13' outboard (yep, an outboard) was built by Old Town but sold by Sears Roebuck in their 1960 mail order catalog. And what's that lovely sliding seat rowing craft just astern? I failed to follow up, sorry.





Breck Marshall, the Seaport's catboat, was romping past in the brisk sailing breeze, free rides in her were part of the program for Workshop participants.

"Whap, whap, whap!" The brisk southwest wind got this partially furled sail going every time it gusted, heeling the boat into the dock and beating the air futilely.



Frank Durham, long a stalwart enthusiast of open boat rowing, and still treasurer of the TSCA, ponders his next move.



A Queen Mab underway, the tiny little 7' catboat (Phil Bolger design, folks) was comfortable in the rather stiff breeze.

Real Bedard came rowing in, forward facing oars, inflatable catamaran hulls, lawn chair seating, cooler full of supplies, land transport dolly. All the comforts.



Launchings

The annual Small Craft Workshop has become the venue for launchings of winter projects built at Seaport programs. The main effort goes a into youth program building "Jelly Fish" (Six Hour Canoes), usually by parent/child teams, and a half dozen) hit the water this year.



Perhaps most ambitious of all was the Six Hour Canoe built in about two hours by a group of kids during the day. They named their boat *Bob* as there were four (I believe) Bobs involved in the construction. One of them has a go here



A more ambitious project was a Chamberlain dory skiff built by a group of older students..



Aftermath of the launchings. The "champagne" bottles remained unbroken as the christenings were done by pouring a bit of the bubbly over the stemheads of the boats, the rest being portioned out in paper cups to the builders. I hasten to add that perhaps the bottles contained a non-alcoholic substitute.



I thought I would have long since been through with this Rescue Minor project but I am not. I have a bunch of excuses but none of them actually explain anything adequately. I am working on the seats now. The new 220lb aluminum Trail-Ex trailer is standing by and the new 10' Shaw & Tenney spruce oars are gleaming like new money over in the corner... nothing to haul and nothing to row but, unless lightning strikes me or one of these fools runs over me with the SUV while she (or he) is chatting on the phone, it can't be too much longer. Damn, these seats are complicated though. They wrap completely around the inside of the boat all the way from the stem and even down both sides of the engine to the flotation box in the stern. I think I might have said this a time or two, but I don't like boat. that'll sink. The idea just don't sit well with me. The bow of a wood boat can take care of itself, but the stern needs a little help with the engine. I have done the calculation (bet you didn't think I knew how to do that did you?) and I have twice what I need back there. I calculate that, with the drain plug out, the boat will float with the dipstick hole of the engine four and eleven sixteenths. inches above the waterline (whew, that was hard).

One of the complicated things about these seats is that the two parts alongside the engine and the little section way up there in the bow are built like floorboards and are removable so I can get to my battery and fuel tank back by the stern and my anchor box up in the bow. Not only that but I have to stow those beautiful oars under the port side seat. Not only that, but the inside rim of the seats will run parallel to each other down the middle of the boat and there is a rabbet for removable cross-thwarts. Not only that, but there is a shallow coaming spaced just inside of the frames on the seat for a little removable house to fit over like a hatch cover. Not only that, but the seats are fitted around the frames everywhere so that they are glued to the planking and the frames. I always do that because it makes a boat mighty stiff compared to seats just fastened to carlins between the frames and you can get away with a lighter seat that way too. Side seats fastened like that in a sailboat really do make a light, strong structure to take the strain of the mast (or shrouds if there are any). I read somewhere that that fitted timber all around a Friendship sloop under the deck planking did that same thing and I imagine it did.

In a lightweight planing skiff, it isn't the flexing of the planking or the stress on the frames from the impact of the water that tears them up, it is the twisting and wracking of the whole structure from pounding and trying to bridge waves at high speed. The hull of this boat with the frames and rails, but no stern deck or any other structure, only weighed 158lbs and it is 20' x 6'6". My sixteen foot skiff (5'3" wide) weighs 155lbs complete, but with the floorboards taken out. I calculate (?) that this whole boat will weigh 475lbs including fuel and equipment. All that "furniture" adds a world of weight to a boat, 695lbs with the trailer. Gird your loins, old Mercedes, time to get ready to burn that smut off the valves.

Anyway, it looks like we'll be running the old new skiff a little longer and that's fine with me. It has proven to be a damn good little boat since it was finished in March of '98 (wow, time flies don't it?). About the only trouble I have had with it has been neglected varnish and rusty stainless steel (that was the

Old New Skiff Update... Rescue Minor Progress & Outboard Woes

By Robb White

last of that I'll ever use). I have maintained the varnish inside the hull because I don't want to take a chance that the sun might hurt the epoxy/fiberglass sheathing but I have not kept up the rails and seats like I ought to and they need to be completely re-done. I think I'll paint it when I get all that two-part polyurethane varnish off of there. I only varnished it so I could show these customers what a hot-shot joiner I am and so they could see how pretty poplar is. Now I have my little felucca for that.

So, when the Rescue Minor is finally finished, is the old new skiff going to be redundant and will I sell it? Hell no. I am so fond of it that I couldn't bear to think that I couldn't go out there and haul it rapidly to the water anytime I wanted to and, besides, I would hate to have to count all that money and dig a hole for another jar. I have a big old tin-roofed shed that isn't full yet, and both of my sons have priorities that prevent them from owning a boat... but they need one and I am going to have to pay them back for helping me out. Like for-instance, they don't know it yet, but they are going to have to come help me carry this Rescue Minor out the little house-style door of the shop. I have given up on cutting a new door. Hell, I ain't got time to do house carpentry. I'll take the engine out and we'll tip her up on her side and carry her out. There is half an inch clearance all around.

There is only one serious thing wrong about the good old skiffboat and that is that damned Evinrude four-stroke fifteen. I don't know if I have told you this, but I am just about an ace outboard motor (or any other kind of, Mercedes are easy money) mechanic but even I can't get any long-term reliability out of that son of a bitch. It is diabolical fiend about it. I never know when something is going to disable it.

Usually I can fix it enough to get me home without having to row more than about five miles, but there always seems to be something. OMC had been making outboard motors (and some very good ones too, like the two cylinder 3hp or 4hp and the 9.9/15 and the legendary old two cylinder 40 that has always been the favorite of commercial fishermen around here) for a long time when they decided to build this thing. I won't cover all the intricacies of its problems, but I will list them in chronological order:

The damned kill switch is unreliable... kills it when you don't want it to and then you have to unwire the damned thing right in the middle of the behemoth traffic in the narrowest part of the river... always right there. The recoil starter ain't worth flip. It will either refuse to engage (I have a 1953 Evinrude three that has never done that) or won't retract the rope and, one time, it caught the rope with the flywheel and took it out of my hand, sent the handgrip skipping off across the water and

disjointed my finger. I have replaced the little miserable plastic dog doo dads so many times that I can do it in the pitch dark (that's when the diabolical bastard always defects) holding a tiny flashlight in my teeth.

It has a small, persistent and apparently irreparable oil leak from the plastic valve cover. There is an "O" ring in a little groove all around the thing that is supposed to seal, but the screws are too far apart and the heat relaxes the plastic (no, silicone seal didn't work and I am about to commit to JB Weld epoxy for the lifetime of the damned thing, which is liable to be shorter than it thinks). I have to stuff the base of the engine with some of that oil absorbent stuff to keep from polluting. It dribbles gas out of the updraft carburetor when I tilt the engine... dammit. I hate the stench of gas and no OMC engine I ever owned did that but this #*\$%~%. I even lowered the level in the float bowl to try to stop it but nothing works. Like the oil leak, it ain't much (unless you tilt it with the starboard side down, then it purely pours gas) but it certainly is irritating.

All that foolishness is just minor compared to the main thing wrong with the engine. It has a treacherous module and, in accordance with the vindictive nature of the thing, it is the most expensive module on the engine and, I believe, the most expensive module that OMC ever built. The engine has "optical ignition" meaning that a little electrical eyeball spies a little light-emitting-diode every time a notch in the skirt of the flywheel passes between them. It sounds cute as hell but the module ain't reliable. We'll be tearing along just fine and the damned thing will cut off so abruptly that it will almost throw us down in the bottom of the boat. Guess where it always happens? You got it, right in front of the biggest wake dragger in the river. If we wait for thirty minutes, it'll start back up as if nothing had happened and maybe run for thirty minutes (or two) before it does it again. I have to carry a spare module (called a "power-pack"). To hell with the damned thing is exactly how I feel.

You know I have had quite a few outboard motors in my day, and some of them have become very dear to me because of their benevolent natures (I still have them too), but some others have had just a hint of the treachery of this wretched thing. I have a ritual cure for an aggravating outboard motor. When I find that I have enough of a wad of cash to buy another one and the damned thing defects on me way out there, I sit there and explain a thing or two about a thing or two, then I get my oars and ship them into the oarlocks. Then I say, "What do you want to do, you sorry bastard you?" and put one hand on the pull rope and the other on the starboard clamp screw. I would have done it with this damned thing a long time ago but it has about two quarts of oil in the crankcase and having to drain that would spoil the instant gratification of the act. I'll get it though, you just watch.

So, why didn't I buy a Honda in the first place you might ask, what with the rumors that OMC was trying to show Enron how to do it. Well, I am a loyal sort of a person. I believe that if you take care of the people who take care of you, you'll be better off than if you scatter around all over the place like these shopping ninnies who will drive the mini-van thirty miles with the children tied down in the back through thick traffic to save two dollars

on some cheap-made junk.

I buy my groceries at Bob & Jeff's (used to be Bob & Jim's but they fell out... it was a hostile takeover) and my outboard motors at Bellamy's Boat Shop. I order my oars from Shaw & Tenney and my marine hardware from Hamilton Marine. I don't shop Super Walmart and I don't know where West Marine is. I tried my best to talk my old high school buddy, David Bellamy, into getting a Honda or

Yamaha franchise back when OMC was raking him over the coals because he was such a low volume dealer but he is a bonehead.

"If you don't think every single man over there in Japan hates every single American man, you are deluding yourself," he said.

"Dammit man," I said, "I drive a Mercedes Benz and I don't give a fat rat's ass what the man who built it thinks of me, it is a good car."

"Yeah, well, that's just you," was how he closed the subject.

I am going to hit him again. I already have my speech made up, "You know Mr. Bombar-
dier is a Canadian," I am going to say.

"Yeah," he'll certainly reply, "but we ain't ever fought Canada."

"Mr. Evinrude and Mr. Johnson were Yankees," I'll reply.

Part, farmer, part craftsman, and part woodland philosopher, Bob White insists that he's one of those people who never finishes anything. But that's not a very accurate self-assessment. He finishes boats, for instance, all the time. He just doesn't keep them.

"I play with it for a little while, and, then when I'm getting tired of it, someone usually asks to buy it and I sell it to them."

White's boats are hard sellers because he makes them out of wood, and they are graceful standouts among the fleets of aluminum and plastic ones that populate local waters.

"For practical purposes I prefer an aluminum boat," White said. "Wooden boats have to be carefully protected against rotting out or running against an oyster bed, and aluminum boats are better to fish from unless you're after bass. But for aesthetic purposes, give me a wooden boat any day."

White's sense of incompleteness partly stems from his easy-going irregular schedule that he sets for any of his projects. He works on his boats only when the mood is right, and weeks sometimes go by between building sessions. His occupation, as a matter of fact, would consist of a long list of hobbies, whimsically and sporadically dabbled in whenever he finds the interest. His boat building led him to the realization that hard wood is no longer available for furniture in this area, and he occasionally sells large pieces of cedar, beech or cherry that he cuts from his small farm.

"I guess I'm the only man in the state of Georgia who cuts cherry wood for furniture," he said. "And I'm probably the only man in Thomasville who uses only an ax and adze to do so."

The wood is expensive, running as high as \$1,500 for 1,000 board feet. But that's still much cheaper than ordered wood from Chicago. And White attracts plenty of do-it-yourself furniture makers eager to pay the price.

But neither the boats nor the wood are sold in great quantity, and White suspects he may not be getting his money's worth. His woodcutting business is slow-paced and low volume, netting on average a mere \$40 a week. And the boats don't sell like hotcakes. He is embarrassed to ask \$1,500 for his wooden boats when plastic ones cost only \$700.

"But there are some people who think the wood is worth it. Duck hunters, for instance who are kind of traditional minded. They like to think of themselves as Bill Faulkner or ol' Teddy Roosevelt waiting in the weeds for their birds."

Fortunately, White has several other gainful hobbies. Farming for one, both as a pecan sharecropper and as an amateur vegetable gardener. "My garden's pretty good, but that's because my mother-in-law is one of the best

Wooden Boats...

They Are Graceful Standouts, But White Finds Them Hard Sellers

1975 Interview With Robb White

By Sid Smith, *Thomasville Times-Enterprise*, September 15, 1975

horticulturists in Thomasville." He's also a part-time auto mechanic, servicing foreign cars that no other Thomasville mechanic will touch. This particular talent probably came from his tinkering on his own shiny red 1961 Volvo, a \$200 purchase that has hardly cost him a spark plug.

But for all his talents, White thinks that he is not a very popular figure in Thomasville. Mainly, he said, because in a society geared to the 9 to 5 routine, he has committed the unpardonable sin of doing only what he enjoys.

"People don't like you if you're different, if you don't rush like they do to get money for a new car or a new coat of paint for your house. I just don't care much about things like that. I don't care that much about money."

Then, too, in addition to building boats and lumber flats, White has spent a number of

idle moments constructing some unusual ideas. Take television, for instance, which White views as the bottom of civilization.

"It's worse than heroin," he said. "At least with a book you can choose what to read by whatever intelligence you may have squeezed by with. But the TV programs are set at the deepest center of humanity, and you'll sit and watch them over and over just because they are there."

Hardly a teetotaler, White found himself opposed to Thomasville's recent liquor referendum for practical purposes. "The city won't get any revenue," he said. "People will still go to Florida because it's cheaper and they love to run from the troopers."

Certainly one of White's most astounding experiences was his 10 year marathon stint as a student at Florida State University. A Navy veteran, White enrolled under the GI Bill and couldn't decide on a major, trying out oceanography, chemistry, biology, meteorology and others. So he switched from a degree program and became a special student, leisurely taking courses over a 10 year period. But even there his ideas got him into trouble.

His anthropology professor dismissed his suggestion that he had discovered a dugout Indian canoe in a local waterway. "Anthropologists are disturbing anyway, mainly because they go around destroying Indian mounds and historical sites just because they're specialists, while attacking any private citizen who does so. A lot of specialists are like that."



Part I

This is a construction model, a prototype. The scale is 2"=1'. The full sized version will be about twenty five feet long. The Barbie doll belongs to my oldest daughter, Rosalie. In the scale of things, she's about 5'9" tall (the doll, not Rosalie). I guess if I were Wharam I'd have her naked.

I have been interested in outrigger canoes since I was a small boy. My grandfather wrote a book that featured one (*Torpedo Run*, Robb White, Doubleday, NY, 1962). That may be the root of my fascination. I've been revisiting the fixation periodically through the years. The last time was in the late '80s when *WoodenBoat* did that article on Russell Brown (#83). It got me all fired up again, figuring on how I would like to do it. I've been reading and thinking and drawing pictures for years now. This model is the result. Nothing about it is really all that original, just my take on what others have come up with.

If you look at the body plan, you will see the most unique thing about this design. Many of the traditional Pacific sailing canoes are built with the leeward side flat (asymmetric). This helps counter the drag of the outrigger and provides the lateral resistance. Some people even claim that the hulls lift to windward like an airfoil, but I don't know about that. Russell Brown builds his like this, then sticks a pod on amidships that projects out to leeward. It gives him some stability as the boat heels and some extra room inside. Looks good on his boats, too. He uses a modern sloop rig and designs a flowing hull and the pod fits right in. It always seemed to me, though, that one of those things would look out of place on a more traditionally styled and rigged canoe.

My adaptation was to make a traditional, asymmetric hull up to a few inches above the

Slewfeet

By Wes White



waterline, then bump out to a fully symmetrical body from there on up. It's almost like taking a regular canoe hull and carving a full length notch out of one side of it. It has some of the advantages of a pod (a little added room and stability), but what I really hope it will do is help the hull rise to the waves. This boat is damn near twenty times as long as it is wide at the water, and outrigger canoes are supposed to be, in theory, the fastest sailboats imaginable (longest, skinniest hull and biggest sail area for a given weight). Anyway, such a boat sailing in waves who knows how fast might have a tendency to ignore the motion of the water and act like a sharp knife. I hope this hull shape will rise a little without slowing down too much.

The sail plan is another adaptation, this time from one I saw on the internet. There is a

man in New Zealand name Gary Dierking who has built several proas. Go see his website if you have that capability. It's at www.homepages.paradise.net.nz. He uses a variation of the Gibbons rig. More about that later.

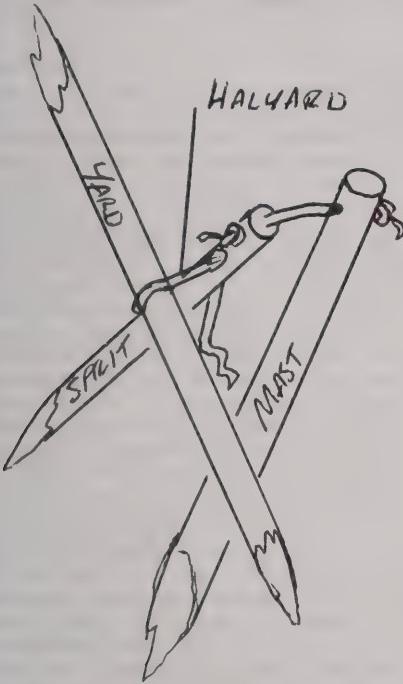
Proas don't tack, at least not traditional Pacific ones. The outrigger always stays to windward. To sail upwind, instead of tacking through the wind, you turn away, beam on, and swap ends with the sail, then sail off the other way. It's called shunting. The end effect is the same as tacking, you zig-zag your way to windward. Traditionally, the crew carried the tack of the lateen or crab-claw sail from one bow to the other, flipping it in the process. Took a little time and a few people, but those old Pacific islanders had plenty of both.

Euell Gibbons (yes, that Euell Gibbons) made an outrigger canoe in Hawaii after World War II and came up with an ingenious way for one man to do this maneuver. Instead of flipping the sail, he tipped it like a see-saw. Just rove a line from one yard-tip, through a fairlead in the bow, through the boat to the other bow and fairlead, then up to the other yard tip. Hauling on this line lowered one or the other end of the yard. Smart man. The only disadvantages were that he couldn't use a lower boom and the triangle of the sail had to be equal on the two short sides. The old traditional rigs had a foot that was as long as the yard. Having to shorten the foot makes the Gibbons' rig smaller for a given length of yard.

Gary Dierking solved these shortcomings with a sprit and some battens. I had considered that, but it seemed to me that the sprit would make the sail way too difficult to douse. Dierking got around this by tying the sprit to the masthead and raising and lowering the yard on it. The halyard acts as the snorter, or the other way around. The sprit then pivots with



the sail. Another smart man. You may have to look at the diagram. It's a near impossible thing to describe. He now had a lot more area (roached out with short, diagonal battens) and control of the sail's shape off the wind.



My variation uses two sprits and no battens. What I'm hoping is to be able to control the twist of the sail with a sheet to each sprit, and to not have to worry about those battens when I'm lowering the sail. It works on the model. I may even make another one with a central sprit, for a total of three. Shades of the old Rushton batwing sails. Might turn out to be just added complexity for no significant benefit, though.

The problem with lateens, crab-claws, and their variations (including this one) is that they can't be easily reefed. Dierking cuts his sails so that he can use the halyard to haul enough bend in the yard to flatten them completely, which has worked for him. My thinking is to combine that with the ability to let the top of the sail twist off in strong gusts. Maybe you can get away with one sail for a wider range of conditions. I guess I could carry a smaller sail on a shorter yard and just reef by changing out completely.

Part II

I have this ability to draft things in my head. I drive about an hour and fifteen minutes round trip each day to get to and from my job band-directing at a little high school down here. I designed a good bit of this boat in the car. (1984 Mercedes 300CD turbodiesel bought on my father's recommendation). Anyway, for some time now my father and I have been on this quest to come up with the perfect dinghy for small cruising sailboats. Has to be light, easily and effortlessly towed, stable, seaworthy, good looking, strong, and capable of carrying a big load. It would be nice if it would sail, but our experience favors planing speeds with a small outboard. One morning, driving to work and puzzling over how best to fit a motor to a proa I had a startling idea, an epiphany almost. This outrigger canoe converts into a power catamaran. Really.

The hull is built in two halves, each with transoms at one end and nearly identical (a little less flare) bulkheads about halfway to each bow. As a canoe, it bolts together at the transoms and they and the bulkheads act as supports for the outrigger poles (akas). My father built a take-apart skiff that did this with a set of frames, not even transoms. It's been holding together fine for ten or fifteen years, so we know we can make the joint strong enough.

To make this proa into a motor boat you just take it apart and bolt everything together side to side using a short beam at the aka mounts. There will be a board at the transom that, in addition to its connective role, will provide the proper height and rake for the outboard. I'll bet eight horsepower (maybe even five), will plane it with two average adults. The outrigger and sail rig would make a neat bundle on deck of your cruising boat while you towed the main hull in catamaran mode. I think it is a dinghy that will perform well as a planing skiff and a high performance, if somewhat quirky sailboat. Ought to be seaworthy too. As far as the looks go, that's a personal thing. I like it.

Part III

The proa has some unique features, most notably its lack of bilateral symmetry, both in form and in use. There are some disadvantages associated with this. Steering is one. I plan to use a steering oar, as the Pacific islanders have for ages. Trying to come up with workable rudders at each end is baffling. I toyed with the idea of steering by adjusting the center of the hull's resistance by raising and lowering two widely separated daggerboards, a varia-

tion of the principle that Fritz Fenger used with his sliding board in *Yakaboo* (*WoodenBoat* #119), but an oar seems so simple and effective.

This lack of symmetry, especially coupled with the Gibbons rig, has advantages too. The wind always hits the same side of the sail. This is ideal for using some kind of airfoil. Conventional wing masts have always suffered from having to present each face to the wind on each subsequent tack. They cannot be made with a true airfoil section. Also, a wing mast without sail on it still represents a significant area that is not easy to reef or strike. This can be a problem.

The yard on a Gibbons/Dierking rig could be designed as a low speed airfoil, could be lowered easily, and could be extra-light, maybe even fabric covered like a model airplane wing. It might even be possible to make the sail part detachable so you could use just the yard in strong winds. For a daysailer, the entire sail could be an elegant, built-up stick and fabric wing. I see something like Bleriot's channel-crossing flier. To strike it, just release the sheet and the bow/stern stays and fold the whole thing down on the akas, mast and all. A hollow doped fabric sail or yard would also make it nearly impossible for the boat to capsize past 90 degrees if you used a strut or something to keep the mast up. I bet a twenty foot long proa less than a foot wide with about 150 square feet of Bleriot wing would be a sailing machine. A cheap thrill, as my uncle says.

All of that is pure conjecture, though. We (well, mostly my father) fully intend to build a full-sized prototype of this design. I'm sure he'll keep you posted on the progress and eventual performance.





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A new England version seen at a Gloucester fishermen's demonstration.

In *MAIB* Volume 17, Number 1, of May 15, 1999, we wrote up our 16' Shivaree with great enthusiasm. At that time we'd already designed a "stretch" to 21'4" for a British builder. In a boat of this shape, stretching is an ancient and simple process; you just move the molds apart to whatever spacing produces the length you want. This can be done at the lofting stage, or if you already have the molds for one length they can be respaced. The profile of the stem has to be changed in the same proportion; the oldtimers used to do this by eye, but they didn't always get it quite right, so we do it on the drawing board now.

The intermediate stretch here, to 18', was just caught by our camera by happenstance at a Gloucester Fishermen's demonstration against fisheries restrictions. Finished white with just a few varnished accents she seems built exactly to the plans and looks very nice.

Six adults and nine children aboard an Australian version built by aborigines under boatbuilder Grainger Morris' direction.

Bolger on Design

Update On Shivaree 18

Design #648

18'0" by 7'0"

(to us at least). Quite a few people had commented that they would like the 16 footer better 2' longer. We think they didn't allow enough for the great beam and freeboard of the 16 footer, with which we're very contented, but of course the 18 footer does carry a heavy load better and is a little better meeting a chop.

On the other hand the 16 footer may fit well into a garage.

The original 16-footer is carvel built on steam-bent frames. The British 21 was designed the same, but actually built cold-molded. The 18 footer was designed for frameless glued lapstrake construction, which we like very much and would have used if we got another 16 footer. It takes a good eye to line off the strakes, but well done it makes a very pretty boat, especially if painted white. It's a stiff construction for its weight. The 18 footer plans call for 1/2" planking, which is amply strong and stiff for hard driving.

The other boat was built this year by a crew of Australian aborigines working under Australian boatbuilder Grainger Morris who specializes in this construction and saw her very nicely done. She's used for communication between Warraber Island in Torres Strait off the tip of the Cape York peninsula in Queensland, where she was built, and other islands in the Strait and to the mainland; perhaps on occasion across to Papua New Guinea. This involves open sea runs of up to 70 miles, sometimes with considerable loads. The island is too small to be marked on a large-scale map, but it is about 50 miles east of Christmas Island which does show on maps of northeast Australia.

Morris writes: "I did get to visit an island about 35 miles away. We set off with the wind blowing about 20-25 knots as it seemed to the whole time I was there. We island hopped for a while for protection from the seas. I felt that in smooth water the boat sat a bit high in front; this would have been better had we not had the heavier motor (a 60hp two-stroke; PB&F) no doubt plus the fuel tank in the center console wasn't the way to go in our situation so we had extra fuel weight down the back. In the sort of chop there you can still go fast and I thought a bit more deadrise just forward of the center console could have helped a bit (We don't think it would make much difference, having been hammered too much in ultra deep vee boats; the difference in "suspension travel" is not significant; PB&F)."

"The last section of the trip was in the open ocean with a confused sea of about 5'-6'. This is where the boat really performed well, especially in a following sea. We had an experienced fellow on the helm but even so he fell off the back of a couple of waves with bonejarring crashes. The young fellow opposite me could only sit there with a grin from ear to ear and scream EPOXEEE! I came down on the mid frame at one point and it hurt for a fortnight."

On the way back one of the young students steered for a while. Going too fast we rushed down the back of a wave and buried the nose in the trough. All that volume in the cheeks worked wonders and the colour returned to our faces as we shipped not a drop. He was relieved of his duties at that point, but



it opened a lot of eyes to get a practical demonstration of the seaworthiness of *Tudi* (means "hook" like a sheepherder's crook).

"Later I learned that they had taken her over to another island 70 miles away over open ocean, so they must have faith in it."

"So, how would I sum up the design? Great! Perhaps one day I'll build one of these for myself, with a 50hp four-stroke and fuel tank in the console as designed. I liked the way you could walk to the bow and tend the anchor without feeling like you might fall out. I really liked the way she handled heavy seas."

Plans for Design #648, *Shivaree 18*, are available from us for US \$100. Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., Boat Designers, P.O. box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930-1627, Fax only (978) 262-1349.

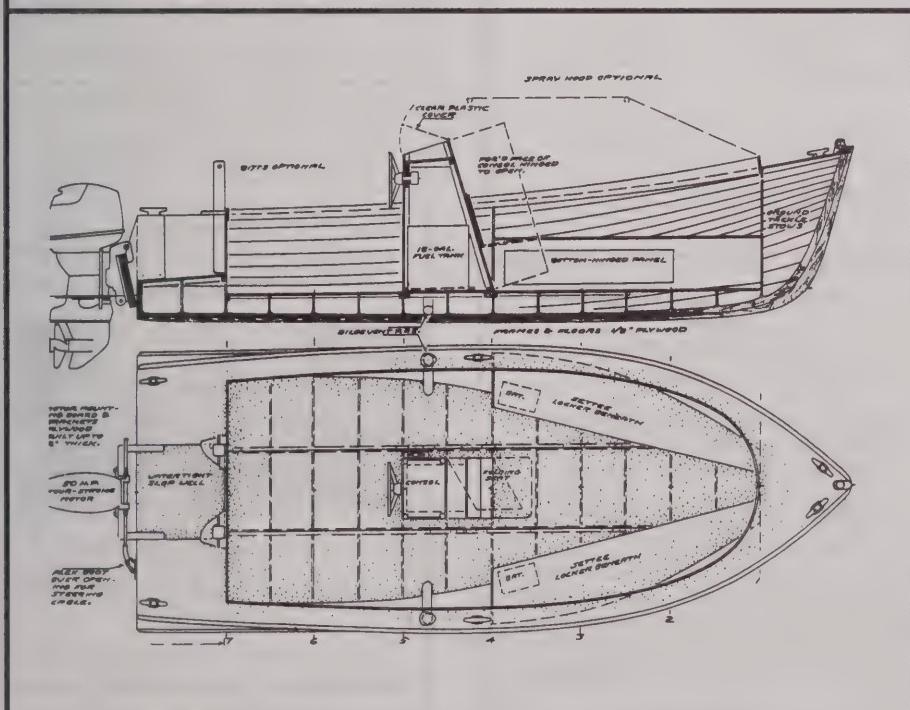
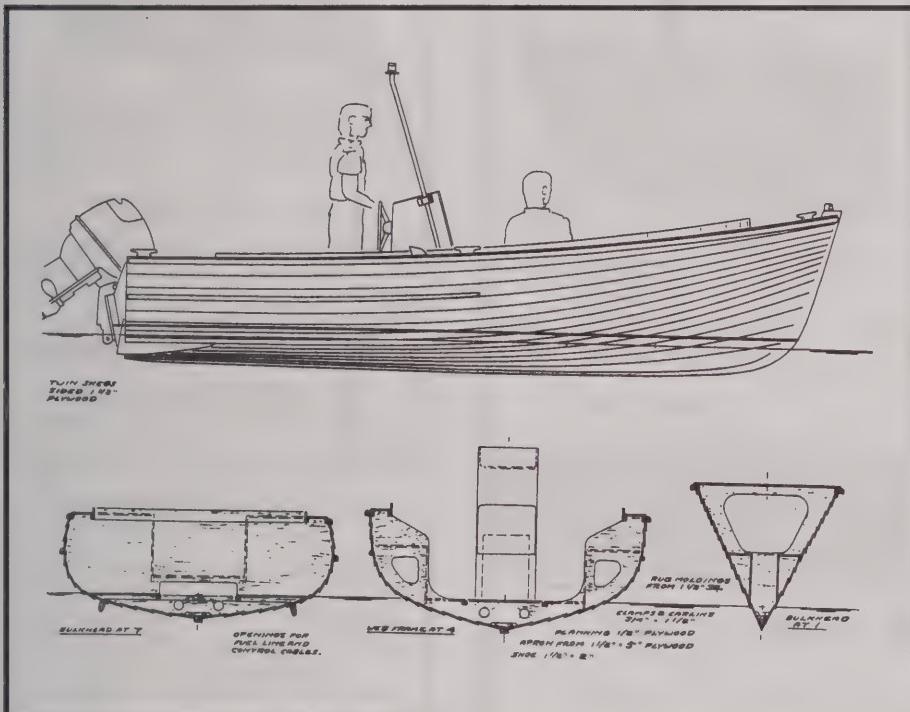


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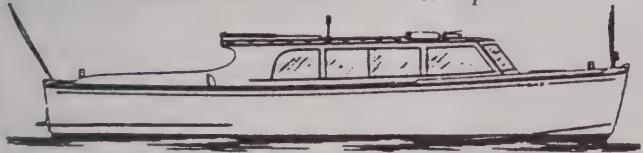
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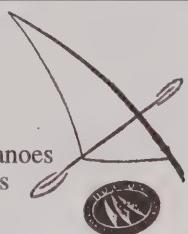
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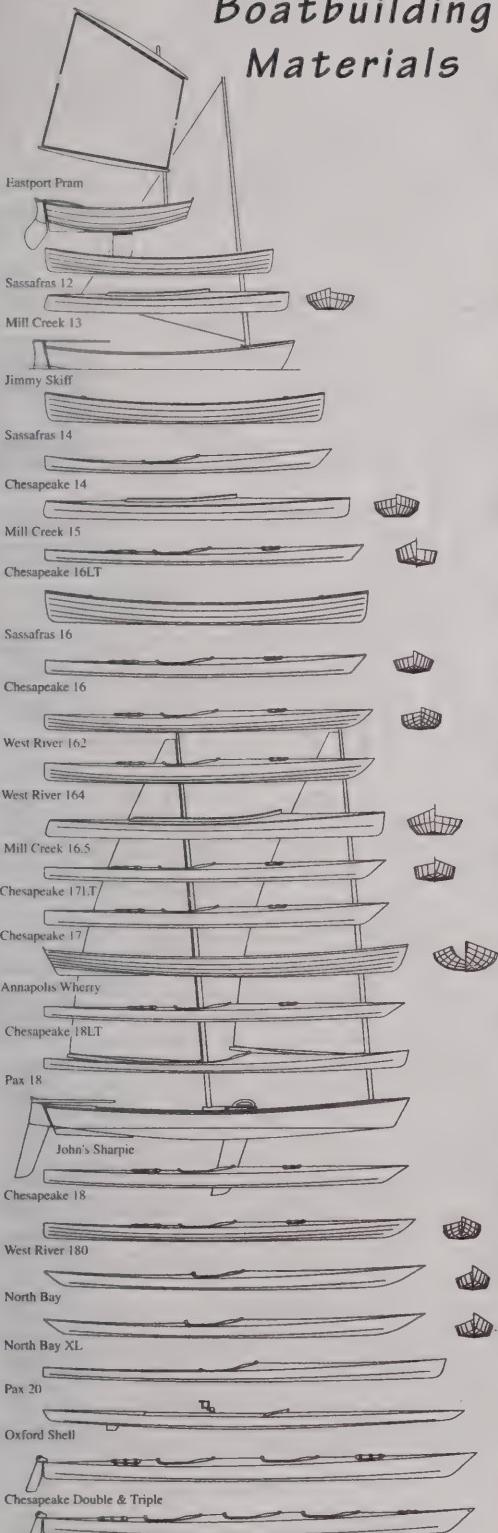


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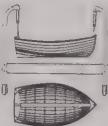


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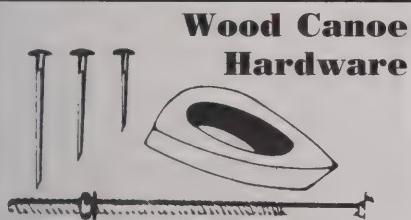
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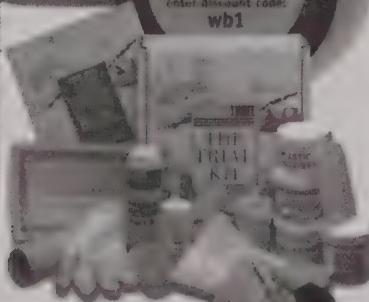


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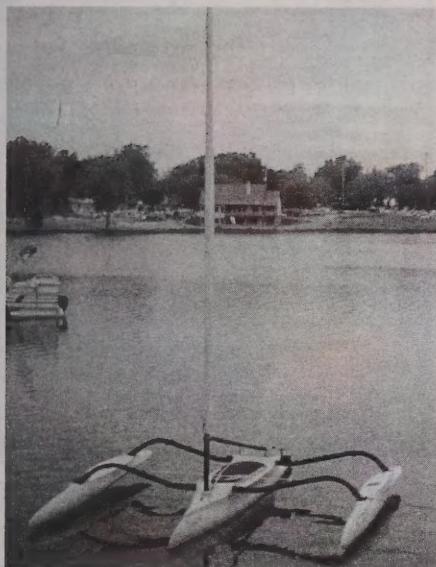
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Southport Island Marine, TEL: (207) 633-6009, FAX: (207) 633-6009, www.uglyboatfortheuglyboat.com

"Life's Too Short to Own an Ugly Boat" Bumper Sticker, \$1.50 ea, add \$1 postage for up to 20. SOUTHPORT ISLAND MARINE, P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576, (207) 633-6009. (TFP)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration
from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. T-shirt \$17, Long Sleeve T \$22, Sweatshirt \$27, Tote Bag \$18, Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$50, over \$0 pleas inquire.

THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. Toll free 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

4hp Evinrude Long Shaft OB, \$200. Several old fashion Yachtsman, Navy and Danforth anchors. TONY GAMBALA, East Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462. (6)

Sailboat Winches, brand new at 40% off retail prices. Lewmar & Harken 16 ST's. \$325. Some smaller sizes also available.

ALAN STEWART, Bar Harbor, ME, (207) 288-3400 or cell (508) 243-4998. (6)

Marine Gear: 2 galv dbl pulleys, 1 shaft, mntd on wooden block for 1/4" line. \$5. 16' 3/16" black nyl-on forestay w/turnbuckle & 2 14' 3/16" black nyl-on shrouds w/thimbles & turnbuckles. \$5. 2 galv 4" turnbuckles, 1 iron 4" turnbuckle, 1 alum 3" turnbuckle, 1 bronze 2" turnbuckle. \$5. 1 ea 1/8 & 3/8 shackles, 1 galv shackle w/3/4" throat. \$3. 8 galv 2" diam rings, 6 brass rings. \$3. Galv dbl pulley w/eye for 1/4" line. \$2. 4" galv chain. \$2. Single pulley flange mnt for 1/4" line. \$1. Galv screw ring-bolt, 3/8" shank, 3/4" ID eye. \$1. Hwy hook w/1/2" eye ring. \$1. 6 S hooks. \$1. 2" snap hook & 1 w/ swivel. \$2. 2-1/2 pr turnbuckle jaws, 10 steel U clamps for 1/8" wire. \$5. 2 ton hydraulic jack. \$5. 1/3hp 110vac motor. \$5. Bit brace. \$2. Reciprocating sander. \$2. Fine grit grinding wheel, 3/8"x5-1/2", 1/2" hole. \$1. Spruce dinghy gaff, oval shaped, 1-1/2"x2-1/2"x10'. nds refinishing, slight bend at foot, 1/4" 4"; Prints & instructions for building FB11 sailing dinghy, gd for float boat/load carrier, rows easily, smart sailer, beamy & stable. Incl stem, dagger board, frame parts, 1 frame, gussets & filler pieces. \$10. U pick up; Motor stand for 3hp-5hp. \$5; Goodyear tire, never used, still inflated on 4 hole trlr wheel. \$10. PFDs, 2 adult & 1 child's sizes. \$10. 1 8lb Danforth shackled to 50' of 1/2" nylon ode w/whipped loop on end. N/C Items: Home made chain plates, SS 1/16"x1"; 1 3/8" x 6" bright steel lagscrew; 2 1/4"-20 x 6" machine bolts w/hex heads; 1 1/2 x 3 x 7 carriage bolt w/ nuts; Plastic sleeve 3/4" ID x 4" length; Galv thimble for 1/4" line; 4-1/2" galv cleat; Jackknife w/3" blade, can opener, screw driver, bottle opener. How to Builds for small boats & a few compl plans for various others. Write & let me know if I can help you. Moving, so must empty hold. All prices negotiable.

JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA 01702-5822, (508) 812-4206. (6)



A Tough Jacktar, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master Card & American Express.
NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, (207) 986-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <nors@loa.com>, www.norsgear.com (TFP)

FG Canoe Molds, hull & deck for 18' decked canoe to be produced as "Electra Ghost Canoe". Electric powered. Some compl parts, etc. etc. \$3,500.
ALAN CADY, Edgewater, MD, (410) 268-1808 (6)

Storage/Launching Rack, Of PT wood. Base 8' x 6.5' x 2'h. Tilting platform w/rollers 16' x 6'. Winch & line to haul boat. Canvas cover on PVC frames stands about 4' above platform. Wt about 150#. \$300. Pix by email <rkugler@optonline.net>
BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2236. (5)

Johnson 6hp, 15hp. \$500 ea.
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-11207. (5P)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

"**Sleeper**", 7'10" caroppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6" x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davencarnell@att.net> (TFP)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST-DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos. FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" Manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA2, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221 (TF)

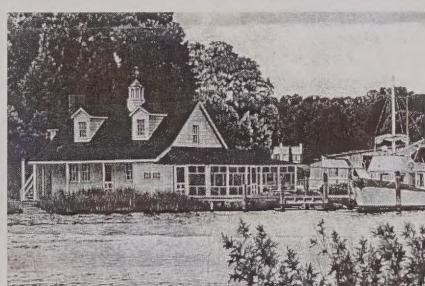
From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Swan's Island ME House Rental, \$700/wk. Slps 4 or 5. Boat & kayak launching sites. 6 ferries daily. IVER LOFVING, Swan's Island, ME, (207) 773-9505 or (207) 526-4121. (TF)

Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free pictures of your boat but \$50 for 9" x 12" & \$100 for 18" x 24" will get your painting done first. Send no money until you get a painting you like.
SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040 (TF)



Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk.

LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS WANTED

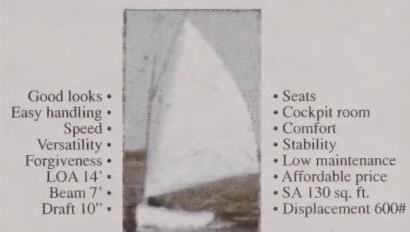
Clocks & Watches, w/boat theme, pocket watches w/any boat related inscriptions on dial or case, marine clocks of any kind working or not, boat trophies. Also, old paddles & oars. Please call, write or email.

VIBEAUDREAU, 7 Peppercorn Ln, E. Granby, CT, 06026, (860) 658-0869, <vbeaudreau@hotmail.com> (5)



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◀ HERITAGE ▶

FEATHERLITE ANGLER

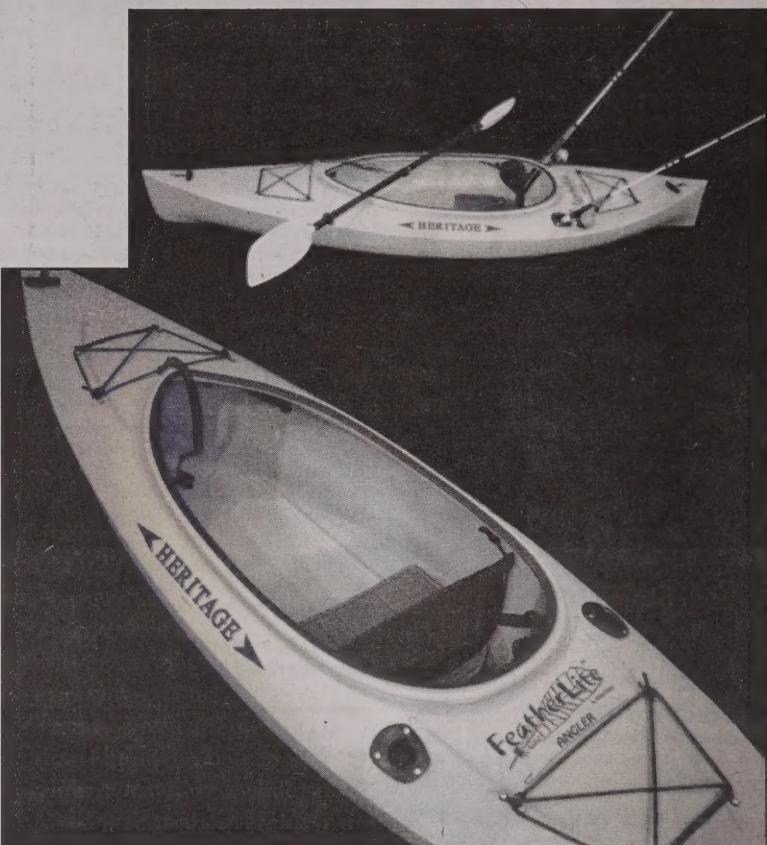
"I have laid aside business
and gone a-fishing"

The Compleat Angler

by Izaak Walton (1593-1683)

A good decision Izaak ... you would have loved the FeatherLite Angler, a user friendly, highly stable kayak with a huge 300 pound capacity, specially equipped for fishing. The Angler features two built-in rod holders, a convenient coiled paddle tether, a large non-confining cockpit, adjustable foot-braces, built-in flotation, accessible cargo storage, deck rigging and convenient end carries. For your comfort afloat, the Angler also provides a thick, pressure molded foam seat with an adjustable, padded backband. A built-in skeg lets the kayak track well while still permitting excellent maneuverability and good cruising speed. Weighing only 38 pounds at a manageable 9'5" in length,

it's truly a breeze to handle, on or off the water. The Angler is molded in rugged polyethylene, well able to absorb hard knocks without complaint, finished in an inconspicuous low glare sand matte color. Easy to transport, easy to launch and easy on the budget, the FeatherLite Angler is ready to take you where the big ones are!



SUGGESTED RETAIL \$479

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